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The Shape of Things

IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, THE BRITISH made certain things clear: They would lay down the Palestine mandate when they pleased; until they did, they would govern and maintain order exclusively through their own agencies; they would withdraw their forces at whatever times and places they found it convenient to do so. This attitude obviously precluded any U. N. intervention until the mandate was ended, and imposed upon the government of Palestine an inescapable responsibility to keep order with all the forces at its disposal. Events of the first week following the adoption of partition indicate that Britain either will not or cannot do so. Arab attacks on Jews and Jewish property, mounting as the days pass, have been carried out with little interference from British troops or police. Haganah, the Jewish defense force, with occasional support from hastily formed Arab civil guards, has tried to suppress riots and prevent clashes. But the British have gone so far as to interfere with Haganah's efforts, and to arrest and even fire on its members, on the ground that it has no authority to exercise police functions. Meanwhile, Syria threatens full-fledged war, as the Arab states meet in Cairo to determine their policy toward partition. What the situation needs is firmness and clear evidence that the British intend to cooperate in the implementation of the United Nations plan. The Arabs will accept partition only if they know the decision of the Assembly has the unqualified backing of the other nations; they will keep order only if they know order will be enforced. If the British fail to act, they will share responsibility with the Arabs for sabotaging the Palestine solution.

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OUR ADMIRATION AND RESPECT FOR THE National Association of Manufacturers is not exactly overwhelming, but we must admit that for bounce and brass it has no living rival, except possibly the Politburo. After its performance in 1946, when it loudly assured the public that the OPA was the only obstacle to higher production and lower prices, we had expected the N. A. M. to be a little diffident about making new pronouncements on inflation. Not at all! It is right back on its old stand in New York's Waldorf Astoria, ready to sell the only genuine and infallible cure for inflation. We have, unfortunately, insufficient space to analyze in detail the twelve-point program submitted by President Earl Bunting to the Fifty-second Congress of American Industry sponsored by the organization. It advocates moderate foreign relief but urges that foreign-reconstruction loans be financed through the World Bank or by private sources rather than by means of taxes. How increased competition in capital markets will discourage inflation, the program does not explain. It suggests, however, that interest rates should "seek their own levels free of government domination"—a step which might serve to damp down credit expansion but only by adding to the cost of the national-debt service and so offsetting much of the government economy demanded by the association. While all the experts agree that reduced taxes at this time would add to inflationary pressures, the N. A. M. demands a substantial cut in individual income taxes. Turning to its own special field, the association proposes that unions forgo further wage demands unrelated to increased productivity and that management strive for lower unit costs and pass on the benefits to the customers. *An admirable idea, this last suggestion;* but although we know of many manufacturers who have reduced costs, we have heard of very few who have cut prices unless forced to do so by consumer resistance.

✶

AS LONG AS BIG BUSINESS RETAINS ITS RIGID orthodoxy, it is almost inevitable that labor should display similar inflexibility. The net result is a cause-and-effect cycle of inflation that is bringing us closer by the week to disaster. The latest step in the process is Philip Murray's announcement that the C. I. O. is about to launch a drive for the third round of wage increases since the war. There is no doubt that the unions make an excellent case. As Murray points out, industrial wage-earners may find more dollars in their pay envelope than they did two years ago, but in terms of purchasing power they are poorer by some 18 per cent; Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach testifies, on the other hand, that profits, already swollen to record volume, continue to outstrip real wages, which "have not regained what they lost in the decontrol period." Regardless of the precise degree to which either high prices or increased wages are the responsible factor in the spiral, it is a simple fact that labor is willing to see controls applied to both. Business, for the most part, is not. Schwellenbach implies that labor will probably call off its demands for new wage increases if it is given "some real assurance that price rises will be checked." Robert R. Nathan, formerly

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economic consultant to the C. I. O., is even more pointed. Given a 15 per cent cut in the cost of living, he told the Senate Banking Committee, there would be only the most "dubious" case for further pay rises. And Murray himself is known to favor the President's anti-inflation program, which includes wage controls in "special cases." The C. I. O. chief may be sending up a trial balloon, as his opponents suggest, but if it serves to frighten industrialists into accepting a program of controls, it will prove a highly patriotic maneuver.

*

LABOR'S NEW MAGNA CHARTA, AS THE TAFT-Hartley act is known in good Republican circles, has just produced a few major freedoms. Invoking the Communist-oath provision, the National Labor Relations Board has freed the Remington-Rand corporation from any further obligation to deal with the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, a C. I. O. union that includes the great majority of the company's employees in its membership. It has freed a small independent machinists' union, claiming only an insignificant fraction of the company's employees, to contend for the right to represent all of them in collective bargaining, unhampered by having its rivals on the ballot. And it has freed the members of the U. E. itself to revert to the pre-Wagner-act law of the jungle, namely, recourse to strikes without benefit of collective bargaining. There is little doubt that this particular union is vulnerable under the anti-Communist provision, and the unwillingness of its high officers to sign the required affidavit is easily understood. But the issue far transcends the political views of a handful of men at the top of a union. What is decided today with respect to the U. E. can be applied tomorrow to the United Mine Workers under Lewis and the Steelworkers under Murray, neither more of a Communist than J. Parnell Thomas. Acting under the law, the board is inviting the kind of industrial chaos that ripped the country in the early thirties. The irony of the situation is that the provision which opens up this dismal vista is one that even Senator Taft tried to eliminate, its legality being extremely dubious. The hope is that the Supreme Court, when it inevitably reviews the law, will decide, first, that members of a legal party, however obnoxious, cannot be denied equal protection under the law; and, second, that the rank and file of a union must not be penalized for the attitudes and decisions of a union hierarch.

*

DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS, THE PUBLIC has been given an instructive lesson in the logic of anti-communism. At the time of the Washington hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the New York *Herald Tribune's* Heptisax expressed the

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opinion that the committee was violating rights secured by the Constitution. Shortly after his article appeared, however, the motion-picture industry, under the goading of Eric Johnston, decided to discharge or "suspend" the writers, directors, and producers who had been marked by the committee. After pondering this decision for a while, Heptisax realized that he could hardly justify the action of the industry in terms of what he had previously said about the committee. Driven into a corner, he proceeded to qualify his earlier conclusions. "For the sake of our own intellectual integrity," he writes, "I think we'll have to 'finger' the reds and call them 'the enemy' by legislative action"; that is, outlaw the Communist Party. Others who have criticized the committee but upheld the action of the industry will be driven by the logic of their position to similar or even more drastic proposals. And why not? For such conclusions, applied to Communists or to other groups holding unpopular views, follow quite logically once it is conceded that a Congressional committee of inquiry has the right to inquire into an individual's political beliefs and affiliations. In short, anti-communism is a one-way through street. Once you enter it you either proceed to the end or you back out—quickly.

*

YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME of the time, but you can't fool the good people of Massachusetts forever, as a recent event there shows. Five years ago, stunned by what Paul Blanshard in these pages has called "one of the most fantastic campaigns of misrepresentation in the history of American politics," Massachusetts voters rejected, by a seven-to-five margin, a revision of the law which would permit doctors to give birth-control information to married women for the protection of life or health. Now, in response to a new drive conducted by the Planned Parenthood League of Massachusetts, more than 80,000 citizens of the state have filed petitions with the Secretary of State asking that the question of amending the law go on the agenda of the Legislature which convenes in January. The number of signatures required for such an action is only 20,000. But all over the state, the League reports, "hundreds of volunteers sprang into action to obtain signatures. . . . [It is a] truly democratic expression of public opinion. . . . Tribute should be paid to the hundreds of town and city clerks and registrars of voters who cooperated so splendidly in certifying so promptly the thousands of signatures." The Roman Catholic church in Massachusetts, as Mr. Blanshard also reported, has started its usual counter-offensive against this move. But leaders of the movement have high hopes that it will become law, at long last, by referendum in November of 1948, if the Massachusetts Legislature surrenders to the threat of clerical political power before then.

Displaced Americans

WHEN we think of Navajos, we think of blankets with beautiful figures executed in strong bright colors, the product, it would seem, of a vigorous and contented people. Set beside that picture, please, you Americans who think you have "taken care" of the Indians, another picture containing a quite different set of figures. To wit:

There are 60,000 Navajo Indians, though there were only 9,000 or 10,000 when they were settled on their reservation after the treaty of 1868. They *are* a vigorous people. The present reservation comprises 24,000 square miles of land. Even allowing for great stretches of desert, that would seem to be enough for 60,000 people. It was, for a time, when the Navajos were free to build up their flocks of sheep. But in 1933 it was found that the range on which their prosperity was based was rapidly being destroyed by over-grazing. There followed a reduction and conservation program. It saved, or will save, the land, but it reduced the Navajos to a poverty so abject that it is not even picturesque. This poverty was disguised in the thirties by allotments of money from WPA, PWA, and CCC; in the war years, by the availability of jobs off the reservation even for untrained Indians with scarcely any English, by the allotments of men in the services—3,600 Navajos served in the war and 300 died—by the high prices for what wool and lambs there were.

Now the false prosperity has faded like a mirage and poverty has taken over. Today, thousands of Navajos are literally facing starvation. The diet of the tribe as a whole averages 1,200 calories, against 3,450 for Americans generally, against 1,500 for Germans in the American zone. Today, the resources of the reservation, vast though it is, can support only 25,000 of the 60,000. Only 161 out of 11,000 Navajo families own herds large enough to maintain life even at the subsistence level.

By the treaty of 1868, the government is obligated to provide medical care and to furnish adequate school facilities and a teacher for every thirty Navajo children. Yet on the whole reservation there are only six hospitals with 316 beds for general patients and 135 for tuberculosis patients—the tuberculosis death rate in the sunny land of the Navajos is fourteen times the rate for the whole United States. There are no field doctors. The experts disagree on the number of field nurses on the reservation. Some say one, some say two!

Of about 25,000 children of school age, fewer than 6,000 can be accommodated, and these go to overcrowded schools manned by overworked teachers.

Most of these facts are taken from an article by Oliver La Farge in *Harper's* for November. "The only solu-

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tion to the Indian problem," says Mr. La Farge, "is to build up their health, their economic condition, and their competence until we can honestly say that they no longer need special care and federal protection." He proposes a long-range program which would make the Navajos self-supporting on or off the reservation. The development of all the irrigable land on the reservation would provide permanent, stable livelihoods for about 5,000 of the 11,000 families. Education and training would make it possible for those who cannot subsist or do not wish to stay on the reservation to make their living elsewhere.

The House Public Lands Committee has now drafted a bill to provide $2,000,000 for immediate relief, and there is at least a chance that it will be passed during the present session. Write your Congressman. Meanwhile, President Truman has said that he will ask Congress to enact in the January session a ten-year program designed to lift the standard of the Indians to the level of other Americans. It is high time.

Behind the French "Insurrection"

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE waves of strikes in France, accumulating last week-end to a threatening crest, seem to be subsiding. As we go to press, representatives of the General Confederation of Workers and the Minister of Labor are discussing terms of settlement. But if Americans greet the end of the so-called "insurrection" with an accurate idea of what it was all about, it will not be the fault of their press and radio. With a few creditable exceptions, American newspapers and broadcasts have played down all the issues except the one that suits the dominant pattern of anti-Russian fanaticism.

I have read five editorials in the New York *Times* published between December 1 and December 7—the days of greatest tension in France. Not one of them discusses the level of wages or the effects of inflation. Not one mentions hunger. Not one even deals with the general economic plight of the country. What the *Times* has concentrated on, as have most of its contemporaries, is the Communist threat implicit in the whole strike movement. Since the Communists themselves openly acknowledge their political objectives and since their demonstration of power is undoubtedly a threat to orderly government, one cannot quarrel with the press for driving these points home and emphasizing their significance. What one can quarrel with is its failure to explain why two million French workers flocked into the streets, tying up services and production, on the decision of a group of leaders whose revolutionary purposes they share only to a limited extent. Or its failure to point out that even the leader of the non-Communist wing of the C. G. T., the redoubtable Léon Jouhaux, who is heading up the "workers' force" revolt against Communist control of the federation, has steadfastly defended the right of organized labor to strike against starvation wages and insufficient rations. Communist tactics are by-products—not causes—of an economic situation and economic policies which have pressed so heavily on the city workers of France that they are ready to risk everything rather than continue to endure without protest their growing misery and sense of frustration.

A FEW correspondents have, it is true, brought out a few of the underlying facts in occasional news stories from France; one of the most conscientious, incidentally, has been Charles R. Hargrove of the *Wall Street Journal*. But the best analysis of the economic background of the strikes was given by I. F. Stone, writing from Washington, in *PM*. Stone quoted the Herter report to Congress to the effect that the present French bread ration of 200 grams (about 8 ounces), is "lower than the lowest official ration under the German occupation," while the average city worker must spend from 70 to 80 per cent of his income on food. An unskilled laborer receives only 295 francs a day, and the daily diet is estimated to cost 290 francs.

The situation was bad enough when the Herter committee presented its figures. It is much worse now. The attempt of the French government to balance the budget has sent living costs shooting up. To quote from Mr. Stone's story:

> Cost-of-living subsidies were abandoned. Two days later, price controls were removed from 473 items. Five days later, gas and electricity rates were raised 45 per cent, railroad and subway fares 25 per cent, and freight charges 28.5 per cent. The price of coal went up from 1,160 francs a ton to 2,160 francs a ton. The price of bread went up from about 15.5 francs a kilogram (2.2 pounds) to 24 to 28 francs.

All this since November 7.

Undoubtedly, those papers which have insisted on the "purely political purposes" of the strike movement will attribute its collapse "purely" to the French government's strong measures. Again they will be wrong. The emergency powers granted by the Assembly, the heavy penalties imposed on sabotage and violence may contribute to the subsidence of violence. But only because other tactics—tactics of conciliation and restraint on the part of responsible officials on both sides—are beginning to reduce tension and isolate the extremists. Hunger, too, which drove the workers into the streets, will help drive them back to the plants when they see that the government is making a genuine effort to meet their legitimate demands.

Whether the strikes will end in a troubled truce or in

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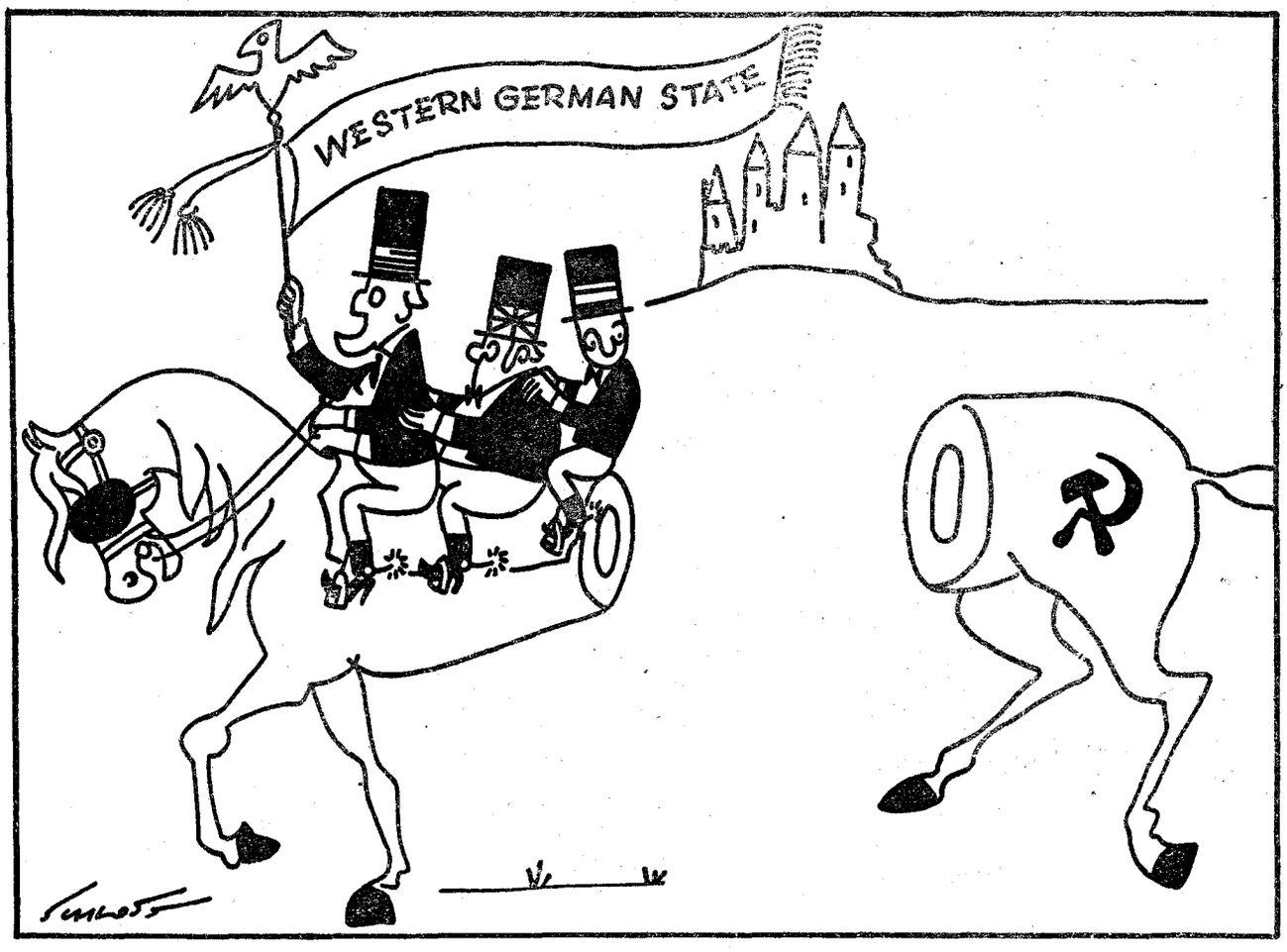
a real armistice depends on many things outside the control of the workers or their leaders. Internally, it depends on the capacity of the government to halt inflation without lowering still farther the standard of living of the urban workers. That it can accomplish this before American relief arrives in quantity is most unlikely. What is needed in France is more food and more production generally. Only then will prices drop and wages seem worth working for. Meanwhile, Daniel Mayer, the Socialist Minister of Labor, has promised to establish a wage-price relationship to cover the first six months of 1948; he sticks to the former, so-far-unacceptable offer of a 1,500 franc monthly inflation bonus. The C. G. T. is asking for a review of cost-of-living and wage rates every three months and a bonus of 2,500 francs. The differential is not too wide to be bridged by a reasonable compromise, and one may be reached within a few days.

But the long-range hope of political and industrial peace depends upon Washington. The adoption by Congress of the emergency-aid measure must be followed by quick action. And it must be the sort of action that will rebut the Communist argument that American capital is plotting to dominate the Continent. The visit to Paris of John Foster Dulles and his meeting with De Gaulle, however innocent its purpose may have been, was certainly ill-timed if the United States wants to convince the French people that it intends to keep its fingers out of their poliical affairs. During these weeks of bitter struggle, the Communists have undoubtedly weakened themselves by allowing Moscow's international objectives to overshadow so obviously the immediate and desperate needs of the French workers. But if they can now proclaim that the United States is dallying with De Gaulle and using relief as a carrot on a visible political stick, their own mistakes will begin to fade.

In London, too, the Russians have damaged their prestige and popularity with the French by openly bidding for German favor. But, again, if the American delegates try to harness France to their announced plan to step up production in western Germany, while ruling out the socialization of German industry, French Communists will be able to concentrate fire on this highly unpopular aspect of the Marshall Plan and distract attention, in part at least, from Russia's demand for a centralized German government.

The trouble in France is probably simmering down, but Americans must realize that it will not be ended by any show of force or ruthless policy of deflation. Political peace will come only if the great powers, but America above all, pursue a policy that offers a chance for economic recovery on terms the ordinary French worker can understand and trust.



THE OPTIMISTS

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Mr. Denham Plays God

BY PAUL KLEIN

Washington, December 4

THE first emasculation of a labor union under the Taft-Hartley act took place here two weeks ago. It is unlikely that the National Labor Relations Board's general counsel will do much about it, for the union is that of his own employees and it was the counsel himself, Robert Denham, who performed the operation.

Since 1938 the board has had a working agreement with the independent NLRB Employees' Union. Although prohibited by law from the right to strike, the union has had a say in the posting of vacancies and in seniority and grievance regulations. The Civil Service Commission has taken the position that "a simple, orderly procedure should be provided within the department whereby it will be possible for the employee to present his grievances either individually or through representatives of his own choosing."

The old board operated under these general principles. But after the passage of the Taft-Hartley act, and the appointment of Denham, a change in policy developed. The new law does not clearly say the general counsel shall hire, fire, or promote personnel. The board, however, delegated those powers to him. Denham then hired several employees without regard to existing seniority practices, and without previously posting the vacancies for the information of lower-level employees.

The union protested, and Denham granted its representatives a brief conference on November 17. According to the union's transcript of the proceedings, Denham began negotiations by saying, "Let's get this straight; I'll agree to nothing; there is no place for agreements in the federal service. . . . Promotion and appointments are management prerogatives, and I don't propose, nor will I permit any of my subordinates, to agree to anything."

When the union asked if Denham intended to determine unilaterally in what instances vacancies would be posted, he replied, "Yes, unilaterally, if you want to put it that way." He added that he always seeks the most qualified person to fill a job. The union's reply was: "We want the best men in the jobs, too. . . . That is why we propose the continuation of the posting system. We hope to convince you that posting is an orderly way to achieve that end, and that selection could be based on certain predetermined standards of service and efficiency." Denham answered, "We don't have time for that." Nor for establishment of a grievance procedure, he added. "Show me where I've made a mistake," he continually said. "I haven't made any mistakes yet." He closed the meeting with the words: "I will not justify my selections to anyone, and I will not permit anyone on my staff to justify or explain their selections to anyone."

Since that conference Denham has posted some vacancies and indicated that he will listen to grievances. But he emphasizes that this does not mean an agreement to do so; he will do it only when, as, and if he feels like it. The union has now asked the NLRB either to rescind the authority it gave to the general counsel or to condition it upon Denham's consent to bargain collectively. The request will probably not be granted; even if it should be, Denham may fight the matter through to a court decision, which some legal experts here think would go in his favor. It looks as if the man selected to handle the nation's labor affairs had succeeded in busting his own organization's union.

NONE of this should come as a surprise, in view of Denham's record and the new climate in the NLRB resulting from the Taft-Hartley legislation. Denham, of course, warmly advocated passage of the act. As a trial examiner in the old days, he dismissed a higher proportion of complaints than any of his colleagues. A former supervisor in the trials section of the NLRB estimated that 80 per cent of the complaints brought before an examiner resulted in a finding of unfair practice, since the charges were subjected to a thorough screening before they reached him. Denham's record was just about 80 per cent dismissals.

In 1943 a judge of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals described an action before Denham in these words: "We cannot agree that respondents have had a fair trial by a disinterested, impartial trier of facts. His general attitude was not impartial but partisan . . . [He] had a wholly improper attitude for a judge or examiner. . . . [His] remarks evidence bias and prejudice."

Since his appointment he has invoked injunctions in a relatively high number of cases, while giving lip-service to the doctrine that injunctions are dangerous. In one of these instances Denham's legal staff argued, in a District Court in Kentucky, that an injunction *must* be issued, without a hearing on the facts. The court replied that under this reasoning the next step would be to order injunctions over the telephone, and subsequently to omit the court altogether and issue injunctions at the whim of the labor board.

Complementing Denham's general attitude is his fondness for a highly technical administration of the labor act. He has kept his promise to Congress to fill every vacant regional director's post with an attorney. I heard here that he requested the resignation of one experienced West Coast director on the grounds that he didn't "want a layman at a post so far from Washington."

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Orders issued from the general counsel's office have emphasized this trend, particularly the notorious G. C. Field Order 15, which provided that all unfair-labor-practice charges would be dropped unless a prima facie case were brought in and witnesses produced within seventy-two hours. Perhaps the best comment on the new legalistic regime was made recently by Dr. William Leiserson, a former member of both the NLRB and the National Mediation Board, who said the only helpful labor law is one which operates "in such a way that employers and workers or their ordinary bargaining representatives can present their cases in laymen's language, tell their stories, and question each other without legal technicalities. . . . The injection of lawyers . . . promises to retard . . . amicable settlements by collective bargaining, cooperative compromises, and mutual give and take." Yet the NLRB's current budget request calls for fifty new positions for lawyers.

Although as a trial examiner Denham often refused to apply the board's previously expressed rulings, and although as an employee of the NLRB under the Wagner act he felt justified in offering Congress suggestions for the new legislation, he testified before a Congressional committee that he would discharge anyone who opposed his administration: "If there is anyone on that staff who is unwilling to subscribe to the principles and policies and theory of the act as I conceive it to be, I don't want him around."

Many of Denham's decisions, in cases where racial questions have been raised, have been subjected to criticism. This feeling is based on such judgements as the one in which, as a trial examiner, he ignored the testimony of several Negroes and accepted that of a white witness. In his written draft report, in words later deleted, he explained this by saying, "Close and intimate contact with the Negro has taught the white [man] to recognize when a Negro is lying!"

The hostility he has aroused among associates was revealed when one said as he passed, "You've heard this before, but there, but for the grace of God, goes God."

America—1947

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, November 30

AMERICA bestrides the world like a colossus; neither Rome at the height of its power nor Great Britain in the period of its economic supremacy enjoyed an influence so direct, so profound, or so pervasive. It has half the wealth of the world today in its hands, it has rather more than half the world's productive capacity, and it exports more than twice as much as it imports. Today literally hundreds of millions of Europeans and Asiatics know that both the quality and the rhythm of their lives depend upon decisions made in Washington. On the wisdom of those decisions hangs the fate of the next generation.

Yet, seen from this tragic continent of Europe, powerful America does not appear to be a happy America. The main decision-making seems to be in the hands of those whose purpose is to return to the principles of that "golden age" when Coolidge was President and Herbert Hoover was preparing to tell the American people that the problem of poverty had been solved. The Republican Party is still fighting the shadow cast by Franklin Roosevelt's Presidency over the divine right of the business man to do what he will with his own. Business not only rejoices in incredible profits; it fights angrily for decreases in taxation so that the costs of government need not be borne by those who are in the higher brackets of income. In the Taft-Hartley act the Republican Party has sought to raise a barrier against further progress by the trade unions. It is trying to cripple strikes by the reintroduction of that judicial power of injunction which pre-war America believed the Norris-LaGuardia act had laid finally to rest. It is eager to break the hold of the TVA on the public mind; and those who have dreamed of a Missouri Valley Authority to match the remarkable achievements in the valley of the Tennessee will have no consolation except their right to dream for some time to come. There is to be no federal aid for education, urgently though it is needed. Not even the recrudescence of lynching will persuade this Congress to grapple with the corrupt electoral machines of the Southern states and their gangster tactics. If to these be added the hostility of the Republicans to the control of prices and their grave failure to tackle the problem of housing for tenants of small income, it becomes difficult to realize that we are approaching the nineteen-fifties, and that the nineteen-twenties are almost a generation away.

For the international policy of the American government both parties share responsibility, though the administrative responsibility belongs chiefly to Mr. Truman and his party. Here, obviously, there are credits to be entered, as well as debts. The American share in UNRRA was typical of that capacity to be magnanimous in a crisis which is a striking feature in the history of the United States. The Lilienthal plan for the control of atomic energy will be recognized, perhaps in the relatively near future, not only as an outstanding contribu-

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tion to peace-making but as a supreme example of wisdom in international planning. I know of no effective case that has been made against it by Russia or by any other power. And I am convinced that the persistence of the American demand for justice for the pitiful remnant of European Jewry—in the face of Mr. Bevin's invective and despite some obvious faltering in the State Department—is the reason why the British government never dared to break the Zionist experiment into pieces and offer its ruins as a claim to the good-will of Arab feudal lords who are not only the sworn enemies of Great Britain but even more the sworn enemies of the purpose embodied in its government. That Mr. Bevin's record in Palestine is not worse than it is—and I say this while accepting to the full the condemnation of the unpardonable terrorism there—is due not to the courage of his colleagues but to the pertinacity of President Truman, which has kept him awake to the significance of American public opinion on this unhappy theme.

BUT the debits are heavy debits. From the conclusion of hostilities the American government has shown hardly a sign of grasping the big issue which confronts it—the need to achieve a *modus vivendi* with Russia. Russia has been suspicious, difficult, arrogant, secretive; yet its rulers have obviously recognized that the cost of victory has imposed a strain upon its internal economy which will not only take long years to overcome but leave it helpless, if alone, in another major war. That was why Russia sought to ring itself round with satellites; that was why its leaders resented the virtual monopoly of authority exercised by General MacArthur in Japan; that was why they observed with alarm the rearming of reaction in China; that was why, perhaps most vitally of all, the Russians watched so suspiciously the growth in the United States government of a determination both to rebuild Germany's industrial potential and to prevent its being socialized, when the alternative was inevitably its joint direction by big business in the United States and Germany.

No doubt all this has made Russian policy a matter which needed to be handled with imagination and courage. I do not see that the American government has so handled it. It has helped to create an anti-Russian feeling among its own people which has reached fantastic proportions, preventing them from realizing that to seek terms of friendship with Moscow is not the same thing as the appeasement of Hitler. It has encouraged most of the reactionary forces in Europe. It has punished Poland and Hungary and Czechoslovakia for not cutting themselves adrift from an alliance which is their main safeguard against counter-revolution. While it has denounced every Russian move as imperialist expansion, it has justified its own strategic imperialism as the defense of democracy and freedom; though it is difficult for a foreign observer to regard military subsidies to Greece and Turkey in this light. The full meaning of the Marshall Plan no one yet knows, but it is perfectly easy to see, even by the tenor of the debate in Congress, that help in the form of American credits may easily entail political subordination to the United States incompatible with the independence of the nations selected to be its beneficiaries. If the governments of countries where there are Socialist majorities, like Great Britain, should become so bound by the power of the dollar that they were compelled to act not under the conditions their peoples had chosen but under those American finance-capital was prepared to indorse, civil war could easily result all over Europe.

This is a long-term problem which Washington has not yet begun to face. America's productive capacity is so immense that the unbalance of world economy as between the Western and the Eastern Hemisphere means crisis after crisis, until there has been a large-scale integration of the present inequality. Europeans and Asiatics cannot sell to America unless they can buy from America; that means both an America which abandons its protective tariffs and a Europe and an Asia which gain rapidly in productive power. The first is obviously complicated enough; in spite of agreements at Geneva, it will require something like a surgical operation on the American business mind. The second, in my view, is only possible if the government of the United States is magnanimous and imaginative enough to devise a peace-time scheme of lend-lease which includes Soviet Russia. Without participating in such a scheme, neither Europe nor Asia will be able to continue buying goods from America; and that will mean, among other things, an American crash, even bigger than in 1929, or else an American New Deal which will make the effort of Franklin Roosevelt seem petty by comparison. As there is no serious evidence that either political party in the United States believes American business would support a great program of social experiment, the question —assuming peace is maintained—is not whether there will be depression in the United States, but when.

IT IS all this that makes so tragic the atomization of American liberalism. At the very moment when the world needs so urgently the corrective it could apply to the relentless and impersonal drive of the American economy, there is no organized movement of the left in America to supply it. I know that there are innumerable men and women of liberal faith in the United States—in Congress, like Senator Morse of Oregon, and out of it, like Leon Henderson and Mrs. Roosevelt. I know, too, that there are many inside the labor unions, both C. I. O. and A. F. of L. My point is that they all lack coherency of an organic kind. Anyone who examines the working of the P. A. C. during the Congressional elec-

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tions of 1946 is bound to agree that it was just one more pressure group, trying, like the N. A. M. or the Roman Catholic church, to win pledges from the Republicans and Democrats, both nationally and locally. Not only are the liberal groups without any effective unity, but this lack minimizes their influence on the party machines.

It is perhaps an audacious thing to say, but I cannot avoid the suspicion that the present condition of American politics is above all a proof of the political immaturity of the American working class. I infer that not merely from the feebleness of the Socialist and Communist parties. I infer it even more from the fact that there is no effective intellectual differential between the two major political parties. Each of them is essentially a machine to capture power and, with power, jobs for its followers; and each offers to the electorate the candidates and the program which it thinks most likely to attain this end. To a foreign observer, for example, it is fantastic to watch Governor Dewey, whose passion to be in the White House is universally known, not only refusing to admit that he is a candidate for the nomination at the same time that he labors with all his might to organize his pre-convention support, but taking the greatest care to prevent the American people from knowing his views on any controversial subject lest this prejudice his chances of being chosen. Similarly remarkable is the spectacle of Governor Warren of California, breathing general goodwill but remaining obstinately silent on all the issues upon which he would have to give a lead if, as he hopes, a deadlocked convention should make him the Republican candidate next year. I do not think it can seriously be argued that *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is a valid principle of political action. An Englishman at least would be surprised if Mr. Eden kept silent upon a major political issue before the House of Commons on the ground that to speak might jeopardize his chance of succeeding Mr. Churchill as the leader of the Tory party.

No foreigner can look at the American political scene without realizing that a large-scale reorientation of political parties is overdue there. What is needed is either a genuine conservative party or a genuine liberal party; it is now an anachronism to rely upon the chance emphasis a new President will bring to his task as the one person who can be the effective leader of the nation. I would, indeed, go farther and say that the American Constitution is in need of wholesale revision, that both the institutions it has created and the operative formulas by which they live, not least the present division of power between Washington and the states, are historical anomalies which gravely hinder American development. Institutions, as they work, ought to be a source of popular political education; in their present condition those of the United States often have the effect of miseducation.

While I agree with Justice Frankfurter that the investigating power of Congress is an invaluable instrument, the range and strength of which it is desirable to maintain, one can hardly deny that this power is being recklessly abused. It was abused in the inquiry into the disaster at Pearl Harbor; it has been gravely abused by the Dies committee and its successor, the Rankin-Thomas committee. The hysteria of 1919 is not one of the most creditable episodes in American history, but the way in which anyone from a subscriber to Spanish Republican relief in 1938 to a member of the American Veterans' Committee in 1947 may find himself today regarded as dangerous and probably under the orders of Moscow would be pitiful if it were not so alarming. There are foolish people in the House of Commons and the French Chamber of Deputies; there are unworthy people, too. But neither body is so organized procedurally as to provide the foolish and unworthy with the instrumentalities necessary to make the greatest possible use of their bad qualities, giving them the power to spread poison out of all proportion to their strength. Nor must one forget the additional evil this involves in a time when the media of mass communication are so vital to the community.

TO THIS I add, with both hesitation and regret, my feeling that a good deal of what is most reactionary in the political and social life of America today is directly traceable to the influence of a militant Roman Catholic church, which is as much the expression of the purposes of a foreign power as any influence exerted by the Communist Party. No other body has the same grim responsibility for the tragic fate of the Spanish people. No other body has devoted itself so consistently to poisoning the relations between Russia and the United States. It protects child labor; it is building, from infant school to university, its own educational *imperium in imperio*. It has immense influence over the movie industry, not least where films of a political complexion are concerned. It plays a major part in the repression of freedom of speech. That it has done so little to make impossible the anti-Semitism of Father Coughlin or the adolescent gangsterism in Massachusetts and New York is a painful thing to anyone who remembers the large-mindedness of Archbishop Ireland and Monsignor Ryan. It is attempting with subtlety and skill to establish a concealed control of trade unions in cities where there is a large Roman Catholic population. I doubt whether there are three Americans today whose authority, direct and indirect, counts for more than that of the Cardinal-Archbishop of New York. And to this must be added the curious and significant fact that the members of the Roman Catholic church seem able, like their coreligionists in Great Britain, to obtain pivotal posts in the Foreign Service, exercising a power of infiltration which must make members of the Communist Party feel that they are infants at the game. Anyone who measures Roman Catholic strength in the United States today with

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what it was a generation ago cannot fail to be impressed by its growth, as well as perturbed by its direction. Spain apart, I doubt whether there is any country in the world today in which its authority is greater than in America.

"I AM too much in earnest for either humility or vanity," wrote Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at a vital moment in medical history, "but I do entreat those who hold the keys of life and death to listen." It is in that spirit that all of us ought to approach the grave problems of this hour. It is one of the supreme turning-points of history, not less than when Luther appeared before the Diet of Worms, or when the States-General met at Versailles in 1789—an hour as decisive as when Lenin descended from the "sealed train" at the Finland Station in Petrograd. No power is likely to exercise a more critical influence upon the destiny of this civilization than is the United States. Its position involves special responsibilities. It has not been battered and torn by the tempest of war; its economy is alike unimpaired and unsurpassed. Its people have a long experience of democratic practices, and yet not so long a one as to permit them to forget that they had to fight a revolutionary war to give them the right to that experience. They have been a singularly fortunate people. Nature provided them with an empty continent and boundless resources; history gave them in the first forty years of their republic a group of leaders unsurpassed in sagacity and courage. Their national independence has twice been threatened; and, in both 1861 and 1941, fate gave them a leader who commanded the veneration of the whole world. They are a people full of vitality, quick to experiment, eager in their enthusiasm, and swift to be generous when they hear the call of pain. Wise Americans ought to hear the call now, for it sounds unmistakably over the five continents of the world. Americans must recognize without delay that they hold the keys of life and death in their hands. Never has it been so urgent for them to listen; never has their power to understand what they hear been fraught with consequences so momentous.

[*This is the second article of a series. The third, "Russian Realities," will appear in an early issue.*]

Negroes at U. N.'s Door

BY A. G. MEZERIK

ON December 3, in Geneva, a subcommittee of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights rejected, by a vote of eleven to one, a Russian proposal to investigate the Negro problem in the United States. So ended the first act of a drama which must some day be played through to the end. The action began in October in New York, when certain Negro citizens of the United States wrote a letter to the world telling the bloody story of race relations in this country and asked the United Nations for action. Entitled "A Statement on the Denial of Human Rights to Minorities in the Case of Citizens of Negro Descent in the United States of America and an Appeal to the United Nations for Redress," the mimeographed volume of 150 pages was prepared by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and presented to the Social and Economic Council. Each of the fifty-seven delegations to the U. N. was given a copy and requested to consider the plight of Negroes in the United States.

What a case is presented! The document is partly an indictment of the government of the United States by a large section of its citizens. Government has failed the Negro at every level, from the local sheriff to the Supreme Court. Most especially the Supreme Court, though on its dignified home is boldly emblazoned "Equal Justice Under the Law," is found in this record to have been the great diluter of Negro rights, the great negator of constitutional guaranties. From Revolutionary days the Supreme Court has taken the attitude that the "Negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect," a dictum incorporated in Roger Taney's justly infamous Dred Scott decision.

The constitutional amendments which followed the Civil War were designed to abolish slavery and make the Negro a citizen and a voter, but they were soon interpreted in such a way that, instead of serving to protect the newly emancipated slave in the exercise of his citizenship, they helped the states to constrict, limit, and even prohibit the rights he had been granted. By its biased interpretations of these amendments the Supreme Court has permitted Negroes to be deprived of the right to vote: from its decisions stem the poll taxes, separate primaries, "rotten boroughs," and other voting restrictions which are still in wide use throughout the South. The right of Negroes to sit on juries when Negroes are being tried has been nullified on the simple theory that the proof of discrimination presented to the august court was not satisfactory. Separation of races in intra-state travel has been encouraged by the court's verdict that this was but a "valid exercise of the police power of the state."

A. G. MEZERIK, author of "The Revolt of the South and West," wrote a series of articles for The Nation *last summer called Dixie in Black and White.*

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The Supreme Court has denied the Negro his civil rights on the ground that Congress was given no power under the Fourteenth Amendment to regulate the acts of private individuals in the states—this from the same institution which held that the language of the Fourteenth Amendment, "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," protected corporations. The corporations have been under the benevolent wing of the court ever since, coddled into monstrous growth by decisions which have made the famous Fourteenth Amendment their most valuable legal aid. Monopoly has won—and the Negro has lost—as a result of the interpretation of a constitutional amendment intended to emancipate the slaves.

Piling indignity on injury, it was the Supreme Court which invented the theory of "separate but equal" facilities. Acceptance of this vicious theory was of course the certain guaranty, not of equality, but of its opposite, segregation, and out of it have come the separate school systems, separate toilet facilities, separate quarters in hospitals, trains, and practically everywhere else, including graveyards. On every hand the South offers proof that these separate facilities are unequal and are the cause of much of the disease, ignorance, and poverty of the Negro. And this proof of the responsibility of our highest court provides final refutation of the often repeated allegation that the basic reason for the discrimination suffered by the Negro is the prejudice and ignorance of our lowest government officials—the county sheriff, the justice of the peace, the company-town mayor. These share the guilt—incident after incident cited in the N. A. A. C. P. volume demonstrates their complicity—but the shocking truth is that their basest acts have been sparked and encouraged by the Supreme Court.

After recounting the evils for which the government must be blamed, the statement describes the intimidation practiced by ordinary non-office-holding white men who in defiance of the law have beaten and shot and lynched Negroes without interference. The records, accurate only since 1882, show that thousands of Negro men, women, and children have been burned, hung, or flogged to death by mobs. And not one white person has ever been convicted for participating in this mass murder. In fact, until last year not one was ever arrested for the crime. The U. N. delegate who read this document must have found a clear parallel with Nazi S. S. methods, particularly as the story goes on to reveal how Negroes are beaten up every day in Northern as well as Southern cities, often by the police, and how such occurrences are so taken for granted that the press rarely bothers to report them. Every sector of white America is implicated. Labor's record is cited: twenty-one Negroes wounded or killed because they refused to give up to whites their jobs as firemen on railroads.

The N. A. A. C. P. has already been criticized by Southern newspapers for "washing all this dirty linen in public." And there will be cries that this is ammunition for Russian propaganda against American democracy. But the United States has evaded the problem for so long that Negroes here are looking beyond it to the world. The statement presented to the United Nations was the effort of a people to document the indignities to which they have been subjected. Its legal phrases conceal a smoldering anger which, fanned by another "Uncle Tom's Cabin," might sweep the world. The framers of the appeal have not shrunk from its implications. They speak of themselves as forming a nation within a nation. "We number as many as the inhabitants of the Argentine or Czechoslovakia or the whole of Scandinavia, including Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. . . . We are a group which has the right to be heard; and while we rejoice that other smaller nations can stand and make their wants known in the United Nations, we maintain equally that our voice should not be suppressed or ignored."

Golden

WITH this challenge the Negroes of the United States begin their march as a group, demanding their rights in the council of the nations. Their new course is a long step away from the usual N. A. A. C. P. policy, which has believed that enlisting the aid of influential whites was the key to the advancement of the Negro. It is a return to other historical methods, to those of the Reconstruction era, when Negroes acting as solid communal groups resisted the attacks of the Ku Klux Klan. The present challenge is presented by a militant and united people, conscious of their aims and unafraid, for perhaps the first time, of stirring up a red scare. Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, in the statement's opening chapter, disposes of the red bogy: "It is not Russia that threatens the United States so much as Mississippi, not Stalin and Molotov but Bilbo and Rankin; internal injustice done to one's brothers is far more dangerous than the aggression of strangers from abroad." Whatever the

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Russians make of this, and by espousing the Negro cause at Geneva they indicated it would be a great deal, action will be up to us. We must cure ourselves of our Rankins. The friendship of the dark peoples of the world is at stake. And whoever wins them will win the world. The N. A. A. C. P. plans to publish the statement in five languages, and as its news spreads, our government, unless it moves forward at an unprecedented pace, will find itself convicted of talking democracy to peoples in Asia and Africa while condoning a police state against their brothers within our borders.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, one of our delegates to Geneva, is on the board of directors of the N. A. A. C. P. Since she offered no constructive proposal of her own, she must have had to subordinate her well-known personal feelings to this country's historical anti-Negro policy. Her dilemma is not new. It has frustrated many of our able political leaders. It is perhaps responsible for our American proclivity for delivering moral lectures to other countries. Much of our ranting about the imperialism and callousness of other countries may be the expression of a subconscious sense of guilt growing out of the ever-present disabilities of the Negro. By our words on the international scene we have tried to compensate for our deeds at home.

THE shadow of this indictment hangs over the United Nations as well as the United States. For the yardstick by which the world's oppressed peoples will judge the United Nations is the fervor with which it will defend the dignity of man. If the U. N. does not eventually give this petition a place on its agenda, it will be apparent that there is no organ in the world to which oppressed people can turn for an ultimate redress of their grievances.

The American delegation, for obvious reasons, finds the demand of the Negro people of the United States difficult to deal with. Other delegations may face equal difficulty for other reasons. Interference in the affairs of another country could be charged, and though there are precedents for this in the resolutions against Franco's dictatorship in Spain and the treatment of Indians in the Union of South Africa, so far no case has involved one of the major powers.

The difficulties ahead are great, but Negroes are not dismayed. In spite of all the roadblocks to progress so graphically catalogued in this indictment, the Negro people have produced scholars, artists, writers, scientists, and athletes in numbers and of a quality which command the respect and admiration of the white men who hold them down. Their record promises as long and persistent a fight before the U. N. as may be necessary to win the right to be heard when they demand that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in the United States no longer be "for whites only."

Rebirth of General Medicine

BY MARTIN GUMPERT

AS SOON as people find out that I am a physician they ask, "What is your specialty?" The question embarrasses me increasingly as the years go by, because I more and more dislike being a specialist. I fully subscribe to the well-known definition that a specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less. He is likely in the end to be reduced to a remote and limited corner of life, to lose his social usefulness and his sense of reality.

I have devoted about twenty years, or a substantial part of that time, to the study of skin diseases; I have written about seventy papers on the subject, and a few books; I have investigated hundreds of varieties of skin ailments; and if I thought there were any such thing, I would call myself a legitimate specialist in dermatology. Dermatology is a fairly recent specialty. It started when skin ailments began to be given Latin names and tissue changes were described and classified in all their variety. If a patient loses his hair, one now diagnoses alopecia; if he itches, he suffers from pruritus; if his skin is inflamed, he has a dermatitis. Dermatology separated from internal medicine about sixty years ago, but after many years of practice I am convinced that it is still a part of internal medicine.

During these years I have become actively interested in the relationship between the skin and surgery, allergy, epidemiology, public health, social hygiene, psychiatry, neurology, pediatrics, the history of medicine, radiology, immunology, gerontology. A knowledge of all these specialties is essential for a physician who wants to be a good dermatologist and treat an itch according to the standards of modern medicine: we cannot get around the fact that a human body is a coherent working unit—and we cannot operate an engine if we are nothing but specialists in combustion mechanics.

There is a strange tendency to call anybody an expert who says or prints the same thing twice. To become an expert is a wonderful way for lazy people to make a living. They are recognized and flattered by a small but self-assured group of fellow-experts, and they have a perfect excuse for not worrying about anything outside their expert function. I wrote my doctor's thesis about the historical origin of syphilis, and I could have spent a lovely lifetime being a member of a select group of syphilis historians, brooding over folios in libraries and participating in an erudite controversy that has gone on for several hundred years.

Of course, experts—in medicine as elsewhere—are necessary. Experts are needed for brain surgery, shock

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treatments, corneal transplantations, fenestration of the inner ear, anaesthesia, and so on. There is nothing more admirable than the skill of a medical expert. However, I would say that it is even more difficult, though more interesting and more rewarding, to be a good general physician than a good specialist.

"It has been shown that 85 per cent of the conditions for which persons seek medical advice can be diagnosed and treated effectively by a good medical practitioner. Yet according to available statistics, only about 60 per cent of physicians are general practitioners" (*New York Medicine*, October 20, 1947). There are enough specialists for lung extirpation and frontal lobectomy, but there are obviously not enough doctors for less interesting ailments, and the trend toward specialization is rapidly growing; so that there is danger of the whole medical profession's becoming an accumulation of specialists more or less helpless without the coordinating wisdom of the general physician. Many hospitals—haughtily and foolishly—limit their staff appointments to physicians certified by specialty boards. And the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association saw reason to report on May 3, 1947, that "such policies are detrimental to the health of the people and therefore to American medicine."

My own individual preference is encouraged by some recent occurrences. The A. M. A. in 1945 established a Section on General Practice as an official part of its Scientific Assembly. Some 150 general practitioners have organized the American Academy of General Practitioners, which requires from its members evidence of continuous postgraduate work.

I am happy and proud that I know a little bit more about skin diseases than other people, and my eyes will always gleam with satisfaction when I discover something like a case of Epidermodysplasia Verruciformis. But lately I have felt that I might be becoming sufficiently mature and experienced to change from a dermatologist into a general practitioner.

I am quite certain that to be a good medical practitioner is the most difficult achievement for a physician. Perhaps it should be attempted only after a lifelong medical education in research, in technical skill, in special knowledge, in public health. It will be very difficult for our medical generation—which has been brought up so wrongly—to reach the distinction of a truly modern medical practitioner. But we can urge the people responsible for medical curriculums to prepare the way for future generations. It should be a privilege and an honor—after long and recognized activity in special fields—to acquire the title of General Practitioner.

Jinnah's New Republic

BY ANDREW ROTH

Karachi, November 15

ITS creator and governor general, M. A. Jinnah, has described Pakistan as "the biggest Moslem state . . . and the fifth biggest sovereign state in the world." Though the second point might be disputed, Pakistan is unquestionably worthy of attention, for it is situated just where the Anglo-American and Soviet orbits touch in the strategic Central Asian theater.

Seldom has a new state been created under such contradictory pressures or with such a load of full-grown problems. Control of the government is vested in a few top officials, supported by a powerful bureaucracy, but Britain has a say in matters of defense, finance, and foreign policy. Already the government is shot through with corruption and nepotism. Social life is dominated by Mohammedan concepts, including the subjection of women. The structure of the state, however, has not yet had time to harden, and internal strains may reshape it in another image.

ANDREW ROTH, roving reporter for The Nation, *has spent several months in India. He has lately arrived in Siam after visiting Ceylon and Burma.*

Although Mr. Jinnah exaggerates when he describes his dominion as "blessed with enormous resources and potentialities," Pakistan is undoubtedly "workable" economically. With an area of 230,000 square miles, one-fourth larger than 1933 Germany, it has a population of 70,000,000, about the same number as 1933 Germany. It produces an agricultural surplus and can export part of its wheat and rice and a good deal of its valuable jute crop. It also has some oil and chromite and considerable potential water power. Industrially it is the most backward part of the whole under-industrialized subcontinent. There are scattered woolen, cement, sugar, and cotton mills, but cloth and most other manufactured goods must be imported; some 85 per cent of the raw jute of all India is grown in Pakistan, but the jute mills are in Calcutta. Pakistan has no known coal or iron and only one modern port, Karachi. The people are largely illiterate; only 4 per cent can read as against 12 per cent in India. Among the well-educated, here as in India, are too many lawyers and too few engineers.

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Close and friendly relations with the Indian dominion seem essential to the development of Pakistan's potentialities.* The Congress Party, indeed, finally agreed to partition, after years of deadlock, partly in the belief that Pakistan could not exist as a separate state. "Let them have their Pakistan," it was argued, "if they'll take it without the eastern Punjab and without Calcutta and western Bengal. They won't have any coal, capital, or industries, and we can throttle them economically. After a few years they'll come crawling back!" This attitude, although not shared by the entire Congress high command, has certainly pervaded the partition operations. In the division of assets the Moslems have had to make a separate fight for virtually every typewriter and ream of paper. Difficulties have even been raised over the handling of mail.

Jinnah

Pakistan's economic troubles have been immeasurably increased by the bloody communal conflicts and the resulting influx of refugees. Almost every Moslem League leader from Mr. Jinnah down believes that this refugee inundation was part of a plot to swamp the Pakistan government before it could get established. "I'm sure that Nehru isn't a party to this plot," one declared, "but I'm just as sure that it has the backing of Patel [India's Home Minister] and Baldev Singh [the Defense Minister and a Sikh]."

WITH enormous problems, Pakistan has only a very ordinary set of leaders to cope with them. The brilliant Mr. Jinnah, of course, must be excepted, but he is over seventy and has been in poor health since a severe pneumonia attack two years ago. His voice can barely be heard ten feet away, and he chose to become governor general rather than premier partly because it was an easier post. He has repeatedly told subordinates, "I have done my part of the job; I've given you Pakistan. It is up to you to build it."

Premier Liaqat Ali Khan is a competent administrator with the conservative social views of a typical feudal landlord and a strong belief in a political and economic alliance with Great Britain. He had to choose a man of technical ability for his Finance Minister, but the other members of his Cabinet are all mediocrities. So far-fetched was the appointment of the Calcutta hide merchant, Fazlur Rahman, as Minister of the Interior and Education that an old friend, seeing him in a front seat at the Independence Day celebrations, cried out, "You're in the wrong row; that's for the Cabinet!" Top officials are in the main from the landlord class, with a sprinkling of lawyers and merchants. The sole modern-minded industrialist in the dominion, Hassan Ispahani, is being sent out of the way as ambassador to the United States. Provincial officials are of the same kind: the Punjab Premier is the Khan of Mamdot, the province's largest landholder.

Considerable opposition to this leadership is manifesting itself, although it is still unorganized. After 1944, when the Moslem League became a mass movement, clerks, small shopkeepers, mechanics, and poor peasants thronged to its meetings, and it was they who finally obtained partition. Many of them were recruited through religious appeals; others through the promise of better living conditions. The economic discontent formerly directed against the commercially dominant Hindus and Sikhs—it still provides much of the fuel for the Moslem arson gangs—is gradually being turned against the wealthy Moslem League leaders. The story is told that when Mumtaz Daultana, the brains of the West Punjab ministry, went to his huge Multan estate in August, his Moslem tenants, all staunch League members, congratulated him on the achievement of Pakistan, and landlord and tenants feasted together. But a pall was thrown over the festivities when a peasant asked, "When will the land be given to us?" This question is being asked repeatedly, for agrarian reforms have been promised by the League.

Similar resentment against the rich is voiced in the towns. A Moslem clerk who is the local secretary of the League in his ward is made conscious of social differences when he goes from his filthy, overcrowded tenement home to the palatial residence of the provincial leader. At a recent meeting in Lahore a fervent young Leaguer exclaimed, "The rich are finished! Let us shoot them!"

Some of this radicalism is spontaneous; some of it is the work of the progressives in the League, who are influential throughout Pakistan but especially in the Punjab. These agitators are usually well-educated, modern-minded young people with a war-gained knowledge of foreign countries, a strongly nationalistic point of view, and a liberal approach to social problems, including the position of women. One of the most prominent is Mian Iftikharud-Din, known as "Ifti," a wealthy, radical Moslem who was formerly president of the Congress Party in the Punjab and twice jailed by the British. Now publisher of the Pakistan *Times* and a member of the

* As this issue goes to press, reports from New Delhi and Karachi bring word that the two Indian dominions are about to sign a pact covering economic and other basic relationships.

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Constituent Assembly, he is looked up to by young, progressive Moslems but kept at a distance by League leaders. The tactics of the young progressives have reached a stratum of Moslems never before interested, and at Lahore and Peshawar there have been mass demonstrations of Moslem women clad in the ghostly looking white burqas, a cover-all garment with a net eye-slit which enables orthodox Moslem women to appear in public without being seen. The League leaders welcomed such mass support in fighting for Pakistan—although many had prejudices against women in politics—but now they are embarrassed by the claims of the awakened and demanding millions.

During the Lahore riots some of the inflamed young Moslems asked the League progressives for guidance. "We tried to slow them down," a leftist Moslem leader said, "but we couldn't oppose them openly. The Communists attacked us for this, saying we could not be considered progressive if we did not openly fight Moslem communalism, but we know that would have meant isolating ourselves from our people."

A MAJOR conflict is now looming over the question of how closely Pakistan should be tied to Britain. Nationalist-minded Pakistanis, among whom are most of the young people and the new League rank and file, are dismayed by the number of Britons in the administration. Three of the five provincial governors, five of the nine departmental secretaries, and all the high officers of the armed forces are British. Informed nationalists think it necessary to keep certain Britons for their technical skills but do not want this to be carried too far. Army officers do not object to serving under British generals temporarily, but are concerned that the army should continue to be equipped solely with British matériel and indignant that promotions have been left in British hands. Some nationalists charge that when Premier Liaqat Ali Khan was in London a year ago he committed Pakistan to remaining within the British economic sphere.

In the Punjab even the League right-wingers are anti-British, because the British governor there kept the League out of office for over a year and because the boundary award is considered unfair. In consequence a substantial number of Britons have been dismissed, but many of these have turned up with the central government at Karachi. The railway specialist, A. G. Hall, for example, was put out by the Punjab government but is now director general of railways for all Pakistan. To protests about the great number of Britons in the Pakistan service, the Premier is reported to have replied: "Before the transfer of power Lord Mountbatten had both the League and the Congress members of the interim government promise to keep on all British officials who wanted to stay and against whom we could not make a specific case." It is interesting to note that of those who have stayed, the great majority have chosen to serve in Pakistan. While this may be due in part to the fact that opportunities are greater in the less-advanced state, there is certainly a feeling among the British that although India will probably declare its independence, Pakistan may be kept within the empire. The likelihood is enhanced by the character of the League leaders, almost none of whom are known for militant nationalism.

Since Pakistan's establishment, League officers have been cautious about declaring where they stand with respect to the conflict between Russia and the West. Pakistan is nearer to the Soviet border than to either Britain or the United States, and substantial segments of public opinion show an interest in the U. S. S. R. Even orthodox Moslems are watching developments in the Soviet Moslem areas, such as Bokhara, which are close to Pakistan culturally as well as geographically. Not all the League progressives are pro-Communist, but many seem to feel that some sort of socialism, usually referred to as "Islamic socialism," is necessary to make Pakistan a strong modern state. There would certainly be overwhelming opposition to allowing Britain and the United States to use Pakistan's military strength or strategic position to further their own designs.

The future of the Moslem League is already a subject of dispute. Old League officers, fearing that the impoverished Moslems will follow the progressives if the government does not soon grant their demands, are tending to abandon the organization which brought them to power and to rely increasingly on the bureaucracy which they inherited from the British and on their new powers of bribery through job distribution. Moslem religious leaders are attacking young, modern-minded progressives as "anti-Islamic," and telling the women to forget about politics and go back into *purdah*. But it is not easy to turn back the clock. "We have learned that even women have power, and they can't make us forget it," said a Lahore housewife to me.

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Del Vayo—The Antwerp Conference

Antwerp, December 4

IF THE International Socialist Conference at Antwerp had been a public meeting, it would have been hardly worth flying from New York to attend—at least from a journalistic point of view. (Politically and personally it was valuable for its discussion of Spanish Socialist unity and the possibility of moving the Socialist parties represented in governments, particularly the British, to take a stronger position on Spain than that adopted by the United Nations Assembly.) But the conference met behind closed doors, and your correspondent had a chance to hear a most fascinating and outspoken debate between the two tendencies which today divide Socialist thought throughout the world.

The moment could not have been more dramatically chosen; while the discussion was going on one could see French delegates hurriedly leaving the room to take telephone calls from Paris. Before my eyes was still the scene of the early hours of the day before in Paris: workers grimly entering the back door of the Galeries Lafayette, where in darkness and cold the Spanish delegates awaited transportation by car to the Belgian frontier (the railroad strike was already in full swing) and the bitter words of one worker to another, "Remember the other day what that *salaud* of a Paul Reynaud said to a reporter—after he'd lost out on the Premiership—'When the Socialists have silenced the Communists, my time will come'?" Grumbach, chairman of the foreign-affairs committee of the French Assembly, came back from one of his telephone talks with Paris, and I asked him how things were looking. He replied, "France still exists." It was in this atmosphere that Harold Laski, determined from the start to prevent a break in the conference, opened the debate on socialism and democracy.

He began by trying to make the representatives of the Western parties appreciate the special situation of the Socialists of Eastern Europe, who in his opinion are rendering an important service by remaining in their governments even though they must swallow many things that are hateful to them. Laski was not merely playing the diplomat; his words came out of deep conviction. I met him last year returning from Warsaw greatly impressed by the Polish Socialists and by Poland's Socialist Premier. He knows that murder and abuse of democracy are not all that is going on in Eastern Europe, that there are areas of constructive revolutionary accomplishment in which good Socialists can share. But for Laski the condition is that they do not cease to be Socialists and become a mere tool in the hands of the ruling party. In this connection Laski launched a direct attack against the behavior of the Communists toward the Socialists and against the language used by the journal of the newly instituted Cominform about Attlee and Blum.

Laski took the middle road between the right-wing Socialists, represented by the Dutch and Belgians, and the left, represented by the Poles and Italians. The former have a pleasant idea of socialism: they would bring their countries back to normality, accept without reserve the blessings of the Marshall Plan, and limit international Socialist solidarity to money contributions without getting too much entangled in major foreign issues. Their attitude was well expressed by Belgium's leading Socialist, Premier Spaak, who told his comrades at the latest Belgian Socialist Congress: "For heaven's sake, don't make out of Greece another 'Spanish issue' in the party." As Foreign Minister during the Spanish war, I had to deal with my Belgian colleague; so I could appreciate better than anybody else the real significance of that remark.

The left position was ably presented by Pietro Nenni. Nenni has two oratorical personalities: the stirring speaker who at mass-meetings in Italy on the same platform with Togliatti makes the Communist appear a sober lecturer, and the quiet, subtle advocate, whose head seems a monk's head, whose hands move in arabesques as if to caress his opponents. He adopted the second manner at Antwerp. Quoting Laski's statement that "the present moment is characterized by the advance of counter-revolution," he argued that a Socialist has no higher duty today than to secure the unity of the workers; in Italy a break between Socialists and Communists could only lead to extremist action either from right or left. "This being my deepest conviction, what kind of policy would you advocate"—Nenni was looking directly at the Belgian and Dutch delegates—"a break with the Communists, handing them the entire leadership of Italian labor, or a policy of collaboration that preserves socialism in Italy as a positive element in national politics?" An interjection by Max Buset of Belgium about Russian policy in Eastern Europe gave Nenni a chance to turn the discussion to the thorny subject of big-power policy in Europe. "I am against any kind of intervention, but the historical fact remains that where the Russians advanced they armed the people, while in Italy the Americans and British disarmed the people. They prevented us from liquidating fascism; the result is the advance of counter-revolution everywhere to which Laski referred."

Nenni's argumentation apparently had some effect, to judge by an article in the Brussels party paper, *Le Peuple*, on December 2, written by Louis de Brouckere, chairman of the conference and former head of the Second International. Said Brouckere: "What today threatens France and Italy, what tomorrow will perhaps menace all of Western Europe, is not Communist dictatorship, which is an impossibility, but a dictatorship of the right under the pretext of anti-communism."

The conference did not produce, and nobody expected, the rebirth of the Socialist International, but it went beyond the Dutch proposal to limit future action to maintaining contact through an exchange of information among the various parties, West and East. After passing a resolution condemning the division of Europe and the policy of blocs, the delegates instituted a permanent committee which will call a new conference sometime in the spring in Vienna or in Rome and meanwhile will keep the parties together.

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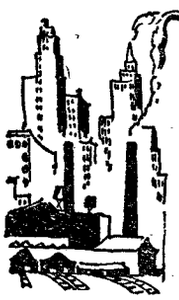

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The Golden Tide

THE Canadian Parliament, which reassembled on December 5, has before it a measure for subsidizing gold production. The proposal calls for payment of a premium of $7 an ounce for all gold mined in the dominion in excess of the output for the year ending June 30. This is one item in the Canadian government's program for rectifying the nation's adverse trade balance with its southern neighbor, and its sole purpose is to stimulate production of the one commodity which can always be exchanged for United States dollars.

It is an expedient which can hardly be defended in terms of rational economics. There are other Canadian commodities —metals, newsprint, food—of which the world is in dire need, and it would seem far more sensible to stimulate their production rather than that of gold. Nevertheless, the Canadian government can put up a good pragmatic argument for its plan. It can point out that while undoubtedly the present demand for newsprint is tremendous, it takes a long time to build new plants, and there is no guaranty they won't be redundant when recession hits the American newspaper business. On the other hand, barring a revolutionary change in the financial system of the United States, there will always be an assured market for gold. Moreover, Canada needs all the United States dollars it can scrape together in the next year, and the authors of the subsidy plan evidently consider that gold-mining can be more rapidly expanded than any other dollar-earning industry. In 1946 production of the precious metal was little more than half the 1941 record of $187,081,000; so that there is scope for a large increase, though some Canadian mining engineers think that the subsidy is not big enough to do the trick.

Whatever the outcome may be, I have reason to believe that Washington Treasury and banking officials are definitely disturbed by the Canadian government's move. For one thing, they can already hear the envious mutterings of our own mine owners, and they can expect that before long Western delegations will be descending on Washington to demand that Congress "do something for gold." There is, of course, nothing that we need less than more gold, and a subsidy here would be pure boondoggling; indeed, it would be more sensible to pay the companies for not digging the stuff. However, we cannot be sure that Congress will see it that way: after all, it set a precedent by insisting on an equally uneconomic subsidy for silver.

Another Treasury worry is that the Canadian action will be imitated by other gold-producing countries, with the result that it will be called upon to buy even greater quantities of the metal than at present. Certainly this is a possibility, but a more probable eventuality is the devaluation of sterling to bring it down from the present official exchange rate of $4.02 to the "free-market" rate of a little over $3. The result would be an increase of 20 to 25 per cent in the sterling price of gold, which should prove a powerful stimulus to production in South Africa, Rhodesia, West Africa, and Australia, which together account for well over two-thirds of the world's output. It is true that the British government has recently denied that it is planning to devaluate sterling; on the other hand, some influential Republican leaders are anxious to make "realistic" valuation of currencies a condition of aid under the European Recovery Plan.

In any case, whether gold production is boosted or not, a large part of the existing gold stocks of foreign countries seems destined to move into our vaults during the next few years. The golden tide, which flowed steadily and strongly toward our shores in the inter-war period, ebbed a little from 1941 to 1945. During the era of lend-lease our cash imports fell below cash exports, and we settled the balance by delivering gold. But since V-J Day the $2,700,000,000 "lost" in the war years has practically all returned. On December 3 the Treasury gold stock stood at $22,680,000,000, very close to the pre-Pearl Harbor peak.

Still bigger accretions to our hoard are in store, since nations hungry for American food and other goods are likely to ship gold to this country as long as any remains in their coffers. Britain has just announced the sale of another $192,000,000 worth, making a total decline of $412,000,000 in the sterling area's gold reserve during the past three months. As a result of drastic cuts in imports it hopes to get along with sales of not more than $100,000,000 a month from now on. And Britain is only one among many nations compelled to change gold for dollars. From all sources, Chairman Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board told a Congressional committee recently, we are likely to receive between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000 in the course of the next twelve months.

Some people may ask: Is this anything to worry about? If gold is "a good thing," can we have too much of it?

The answer is that an excess of gold, like an excess of any other form of money, is inflationary. The Treasury is obliged to buy all gold offered to it at $35 an ounce. That leads to an increase in bank deposits, and since banks need to hold only 14 to 20 per cent of their demand deposits in reserve, each $100 of deposits provides the basis for five or six times that amount of credit. In the past twelve months the Treasury has been combating credit inflation by using its cash surplus to retire government securities, but the effect of this move has been almost wholly offset by the credit-expanding influence of gold imports. Now Secretary Snyder is talking about "sterilizing" gold by paying for it with surplus cash instead of with new gold certificates. But it is difficult to see how this will improve the position, since Treasury balances employed in this way obviously will not be available for reducing the debt. A more effective method of neutralizing additions to the gold reserve would be the sale by the Reserve banks of equivalent amounts of government securities. But such action would disturb the market and conflict with the Treasury's policy of holding down interest rates. So Mr. Snyder stands between the incoming gold tide and the frowning cliffs of the national debt. Is there a way of escape? That is a question I shall discuss next week.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Mountaineer or Bohemian?

THOMAS WOLFE. By Herbert J. Muller. New Directions. $2.

THERE are few literary exercises more thankless than a critical work on Thomas Wolfe, a fact Mr. Muller forlornly admits at the beginning of his study. For all its passion and abundance Wolfe's work lacks the dark, tantalizing complexity that inspires creative criticism. As Mr. Muller says, "His elemental powers are remarkable but they are also obvious; so are his elementary faults." Furthermore, Wolfe's novels require very little exegesis, and his ideas —"I believe that we are lost here in America, but I believe we shall be found"—are so grandly abstract one can do little more than paraphrase them.

Mr. Muller seems to have been inspired to write his good-natured appraisal by the fact that Wolfe has been excessively scorned and excessively flattered. This is to be a more cautious study, and it is indeed that, sometimes painfully so, since Mr. Muller has the dizzy habit of building up a defense of Wolfe and then immediately rushing in to attack him. Also he likes to work out careful comparisons between Wolfe and other writers only to show that little comparison is possible. Typical of this exasperating method is a comment upon Wolfe and Homer which leads up to, "We must then add, of course, that Wolfe was no Homer."

In order to overcome the tedium of his project some fancy diversions on the nature of myth are introduced. Muller apologizes for the looseness of the term and then redefines it quite as vaguely and without making its relevance to Wolfe entirely convincing. However, Muller's dilemmas are perhaps a true reflection not only of Wolfe's unevenness but of the state of criticism at the moment. Muller is a sympathetic reader, and yet he seems afraid that mere admiration of Wolfe will make him appear unsophisticated, and so he drags in all sorts of references to the criticism practiced by Brooks and Blackmur. This desire to be "modern" results in the fantastic notion that perhaps Wolfe too is a metaphysical poet! However, in the final analysis Muller's ideas on Wolfe are a bit more sober. He presents him as our closest approach to an epical talent, a writer at home in the native tradition and yet aware of the complications of modern life, a fairly representative American, above regionalism, and yet not falsely European or completely alienated.

I am not quite sure that Wolfe was the indigenous spirit he wanted to be. He certainly liked to think of himself as a clairvoyant yokel surrounded by effete artists and insincere intellectuals. He talked of his loneliness, his humiliations, his inadequacy, but it is not always easy to take him at his word. In a way this awkwardness seems to be a mask, and a successful one, worn so that he might have the privilege of being always right, always pure, always superior. There was something terrible and fascinating in Wolfe's character, something more to the point than these false, second-hand sorrows, but Wolfe repressed more than he told. Everything interesting in him became the highly idealized suffering of the artist, a perfect displacement, realized on a glossy, almost inhuman level. He could not bear to think of himself as anything except innocent, and for that reason he is the most brilliant and thrilling historian of the sophomore, an age less perverse than childhood and less ironical than adult life.

Muller sees that Wolfe obviously exaggerated his difficulties, but nevertheless he tends to accept him as a sort of primitive, more deeply rooted in his native soil than the other writers of his time, and consequently more "American." Wolfe did leave a great many wonderful portraits of Americans and some marvelous descriptions of the terrors and beauties of the American scene; and yet his analysis of his portraits and his comments upon the scene are rather impure and synthetic. For one thing he wrote so much about writing that he often annihilated America by reducing it to the dimensions of his own career. The best example of this tendency is his treatment of Esther Jack. Wolfe shows her passionate sense of good workmanship and her brilliant energy, and she is probably the best record we have of the artisan-artist type that has had such great influence on American taste and culture. But he allows her only a few breaths before smothering her with his incomparable vanity, as though her only significance lay in her inferiority to him.

And is Wolfe really the blundering, brilliant mountaineer hopelessly confused by the world of fashion? In so many ways he seems to have been just the arty young man he despised, and perhaps there is more Greenwich Village in him and less North Carolina than he realized. He thought everyone was trying to corrupt him, that love would emasculate him, that money and power and middle-class society existed so that he might have the glory of resisting them. These are not the platitudes of a great folk artist, a hill-billy genius, but the clichés of bohemia, that area Wolfe pretended to be too much of a stuttering provincial to comprehend, but many of whose notions he uttered more clearly and uncritically than any other writer. For these reasons it is hard to see Wolfe as the "myth-maker" of America.

On the other hand it would seem easier than Mr. Muller believes to insist —and without the dubious effort to make him a respectable philosopher or a national image—that Wolfe achieved a great deal more than his present declining reputation suggests. The best parts of Muller's book are those that show simply and without apology his enjoyment of Wolfe's art.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Mr. Lippmann and Mr. X

THE COLD WAR. A Study in U. S. Foreign Policy. By Walter Lippmann. Harper and Brothers. $1.

IN A tract of sixty-two pages composed of twelve articles from his column in the New York *Herald Tribune* Mr. Lippmann offers a meticulous examination of an article in the July issue of *Foreign Affairs* on The Sources

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of Soviet Conduct, since reprinted in *Life* and in "The Foreign Affairs Reader." The article is attributed to Mr. X, who is generally believed to be George F. Kennan, director of the Policy Planning Staff of the Department of State. Mr. Lippmann assumes that the article dates back to mid-March.

Mr. Lippmann concentrates on what he considers to be the specific thesis of Mr. X and, by implication, of the State Department—namely, that the task of United States foreign policy is to "contain" the Soviet Union. To Lippmann this implies the use of American military might along the land frontiers of European and Asiatic Russia. It means neglecting the Atlantic community that is part of Mr. Lippmann's Shield of the Republic. It is "unsuited to the American economy, which is unregimented, and uncontrolled, and therefore cannot be administered according to a plan." It implies the destruction of the United Nations.

This critical analysis strikes a popular note. By not denying the authorship of the *Foreign Affairs* article the State Department has certainly helped Mr. Lippmann, in effect, to solidify a view of United States foreign policy that has been dinned into the ears of the public at home, abroad, and at Lake Success. He has saved himself much time and trouble by seizing on an individual text for exegesis, an opportunity that no working journalist will begrudge him.

Two considerations reduce the value of his effort. A State Department memorandum does not necessarily express State Department policy. And State Department thinking, as expressed in one memorandum, is not necessarily United States policy, even if it seems to find at least partial confirmation in a Presidential statement (the Truman "Doctrine" of March 12). At the time when both documents were being prepared the United States was launching the final preparations for the International Trade Organization, heralded by a broad and critical review of American policy in Mr. Truman's statement on Peace, Freedom, and World Trade, which Mr. Lippmann of the 1918 American Commission to Negotiate Peace should have been peculiarly qualified to appreciate. At Lake Success, on March 28, Ambassador Austin fitted the Greek and Turkish aid program into the broad perspective of United States relief and reconstruction policies and of relations with the U. N. along policy lines that have since been confirmed in the Marshall Plan and the European recovery program. Already it was clear that a narrow policy of containment did not cover the ground.

In the circumstances Mr. Lippmann's constructive suggestions can hardly be expected to offer an alternative to United States foreign policy, only to the policy of containment as he understands Mr. X. His alternative is a settlement in Europe that means the withdrawal of British, Russian, and American occupation forces. He admits that "the Communist parties would remain, to put it bluntly, as a Soviet fifth column. They will be assisted, we may take it, by Soviet agents and by Soviet funds and Soviet contraband weapons and by Soviet propaganda and by Soviet diplomacy." But their pressure would, he says, "no longer be backed up by overwhelming military power throughout Eastern Europe and by the threat of military intervention in Western Europe." Our mission then is "to emancipate the ancient and proud continent of Europe from the military control of non-European powers." How the execution of this mission would avoid the implications of a policy of containment is beyond the understanding of this reviewer.

BJARNE BRAATOY

Fiction in Review

OURS being such a "know-how" culture in all departments, a civilization so brilliantly skilled in turning out anything it sets its hand to and yet so appallingly ignorant of what is worth making or to what uses the things it makes should be put, we cannot be surprised that our literature, too, shows such a marked ascendancy of craft over conscience. Probably there has never been a time when so many people wrote so "well" as now, but to such meager purpose; when, indeed, the emptier a novel's content, the surer its technical proficiency. It has reached the point where, remembering the great novels of the past—how dreary and inept they could be for long passages; how varied and nubbly were their textures—I think we can be forgiven the perversity of seeking out the *in*expert performance as promise that here, at last, will be a book with something to say.

Certainly in the case of Josephine Herbst's new novel, "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" (Scribner's, $3), there is a significant connection between an author's perception of life and her faults of performance. I do not mean that Miss Herbst's technical mistakes are to be taken as the measure of her good achievement, or—on the other hand—overlooked. There is no question that her novel would have been infinitely better for rigorous rewriting—if the dangling ends of narrative had been caught up, if there had been a sounder proportion between important incidents and trivialities, if the characters had been better projected, if—even—its mad punctuation had been corrected. But I do mean that Miss Herbst's gravest faults have their aspect of virtue, because they proceed from a sense of urgency and a zest for experience and an acceptance of life which are all but gone from modern writing.

Partly because its bony structure is never fully articulated, partly because no large and ambitious narrative can ever be properly boiled down, "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" is difficult to synopsize. It is primarily about a mystery writer, Adam Snow, who under the pseudonym of George Wand has become a great popular success but who, in the middle of the war, suddenly wishes to reestablish himself in his own identity. Long resident in Italy, Snow had won the confidence of several members of the anti-fascist underground; he believes that he unwittingly betrayed one of them into Mussolini's hands. Now that he has returned to America, this specific guilt becomes the symbol of his general guiltiness about his life. His impulse to expiation finds its outlet in championing, against his wife's counterclaims, his seventeen-year-old daughter's budding love affair with a jazz musician.

But this is only the central theme of the novel, against which numerous other themes are counterpointed—the story of the Brady household, connected with that of the Snows by Mrs. Snow's wealthy uncle who restores his sense of possibility by playing benefactor to one of the Brady daughters; the stories of various friends of Ada Brady; the stories

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of the swing musicians who meet for jam sessions in Ada's basement. It may be—it undoubtedly is—that these multiple strands of Miss Herbst's narrative join a bit haphazardly; but this very haphazardness is not the least of the signs of Miss Herbst's creative generosity. The right to be a victim of accident is, after all, one of the great freedoms with which a novelist can endow his creatures and, by extension, his readers.

Unhappily, it is a freedom which is rarely granted in modern fiction. The mood of most contemporary story-telling is suffocatingly static, almost claustrophobic; one has the impression that the current novelist, like a neurotic parent, thinks he will lose prestige if he loses dominance over his fictional family; that once he permits his characters to take their chances in the world he himself will cease to amount to anything. There is no such self-concerned author-figure in "Somewhere the Tempest Fell"; throughout her story Miss Herbst is present only by such light as reflects from the people about whom she is writing—which is very unfashionable. Equally unfashionable is Miss Herbst's prose, which is designed, not to call attention to Miss Herbst, but solely for purposes of communication. And similarly remote from the style of the day is the quality of Miss Herbst's fantasy. Whereas in most current writing the imagination is like nothing so much as a series of dye-pots in which the author successively dips his own image, each time bringing it up with fresh surprise at how pretty it looks in *this* color, in Miss Herbst's novel imagination is an instrument for coloring the objective universe.

In other words, "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" proceeds from an attitude toward novel-writing which I so much admire that I could only passionately wish it had had the support of more self-criticism, so that it could have fulfilled its own best promise. It is unfortunate for the whole movement of contemporary writing and not only for this single book that it cannot more confidently be pointed to as good example—that in refusing the false and petty restraints of what nowadays passes for artistic taste Miss Herbst also refused the necessary discipline of all good art; that in accepting the happy mess of life she herself produced something of a mess; that in giving her characters the license to be free she did not also give them the gift of being more compelling.

And I especially regret that, in padding the flesh of her book to the weakening of its basic anatomy, Miss Herbst obscured the portions of her story which concern the jazz musicians. Jazz culture enters often into present-day fiction, but its ramifications in present-day life are not usually very well understood. "Somewhere the Tempest Fell" is the first novel I have come across which seems to me really to show a perception of the complicated values that are involved in it—both its decent and its disturbing political overtones, the marijuana route it travels toward criminality, the personal and artistic idealism it both satisfies and frustrates. It would have been a fine accomplishment if Miss Herbst could have communicated this insight fully and boldly.

DIANA TRILLING

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN HIS interesting book on "Shakespeare and the Actors" A. C. Sprague remarks that "since the introduction of heavy scenery" the stage history of "Antony and Cleopatra" has been "profoundly discouraging." The particular difficulty there referred to is solved very well in the production now current at the Martin Beck. By judiciously combining two or three massive but uncluttered settings with a free use of mere "acting spaces" for the shorter scenes, Guthrie McClintic has kept the play moving and achieved an impression of splendor without weighing the whole thing down or smothering it in scenery and properties. He has, moreover, thereby achieved two very important results. In the first place, the play's "story line"—so much less inevitable and unbreakable than the line in "Hamlet," "Othello," or the other more often played tragedies—remains one which the mind can follow. In the second place, he manages physically to represent that "spaciousness" which so many critics have singled out as one of the most significant aspects of the special character of this particular play.

What the adjective means can perhaps best be explained by a comparison with Shakespeare's only other love tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." In the latter also the hero and heroine are, by the convention of the time, necessarily "important people." But they are such only by convention. So far as anything which counts is concerned they are merely private persons involved in a private catastrophe. Their story is, as completely as anything in the Shakespearean manner can be, a merely domestic occurrence. But Antony and Cleopatra are always aware of the fact that their stage is the world. The fate of thousands is dependent upon them. Messengers ply back and forth across the known world; the eyes of nations are upon them. Antony could not feel what he does feel if he did not know that he is throwing an empire away. At the very beginning, "Let . . . the wide arch of the rang'd empire fall!" he exclaims; and at the very end Cleopatra is morbidly—if also exultantly—concerned with the "quick comedians" who "extemporally will stage us." No staging of the play will do if it does not suggest both the grandioseness inherent in the public importance of the two lovers and their own almost indecent awareness of the fact that their amorous dalliances are conducted in a spotlight. Mr. McClintic's production is almost always very fine indeed so far as everything visual is concerned, and within the meaning of the term I mean to include not only what is itself striking to the eye but also whatever can contribute to the illustration and reinforcement of the intention of the play. His massive architectural scenes and his free employment of open sky add to a fine effect of spaciousness.

If all this be true, why, then, does the total effect fall so far short, why is one only occasionally moved, and why does one leave the theater with a sense of disappointment, almost of depression? The answer, I think, lies almost exclusively in the acting—is the result of what one hears as opposed to what one sees. And sadly it must be admitted that it is in the case of Cleopatra herself that the lack is most painfully evident. Miss Cornell will not add to her reputation by the present performance. She was an admirable Candida, and she was excellent in the modernized "Antigone." She was less good as Juliet than

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in either of the two just-mentioned roles, and she is far less satisfactory in the present play than she was as Juliet. Indeed, it would appear that the closer she approaches the grandest style the more obvious her limitations become.

Several of the other roles are much more satisfactorily performed. Kent Smith's Enobarbus has a vigor and a clarity which deserve high praise even though the part is, of course, relatively an easy one. Ralph Clanton's Octavius is rather pettish, almost effeminate, but it was probably Shakespeare's intention to minimize Octavius as fortune's darling rather than a man of great stature, and I found the interpretation not unsatisfactory. Godfrey Tearle as Antony I found better than that. He is not young, but neither was Cleopatra's lover, and he has great dignity as well as intelligence. His Antony seems to know what he is, what he is doing, and what it is that Shakespeare has given him to say. One understands Mr. Tearle's speeches and one believes them. But, to put it bluntly, one does not by any means always, in Miss Cornell's case, either understand or believe.

All critics have of course recognized that the part presents almost unparalleled difficulties. Cleopatra's "infinite variety" ranges all the way from mere coquettishness to regal splendor. She is sometimes a queen and sometimes merely that special kind of female for which the only modern term seems to be "a cutie." But the trouble here is not that Miss Cornell is not all these things but quite simply that she is not really any of them. As is always the case with her performances, the visual effect is admirable. She knows how to dress, how to pose, how to move. Her pantomime is often excellent. But she simply cannot speak Shakespeare's lines with even moderate effectiveness. Whole sentences are not only ineffective, they are not even intelligible; and even the great set pieces like "Give me my robe, put on my crown" would not, to anyone who knew this production only, be so much as recognized as potentially what they are. Enobarbus makes more of the famous but merely descriptive passage about the barge than Miss Cornell does of great dramatic speeches. The difficulty, what is more, seems to originate in something as elementary as mere elocution, in the failure to put the stress upon the words which should receive it if the sense is to be clear. Miss Cornell's voice does not appear to carry very well. She was laudably determined to fill the rather difficult auditorium of the Martin Beck. But the necessity of shouting did not make it any more easy for her to manage her emphases. Her voice rises and falls. It changes to some extent its tone and color. But all too often there seemed to be no relation between these changes and the meaning of the sentences being spoken. Sometimes it seemed almost like the performance of a singer singing in a language she did not understand. And without a Cleopatra who is a lord of language the play must fail.

Films

JAMES AGEE

LUIGI ZAMPA'S "To Live in Peace" is less thoroughly worked out and less acutely put on film than "Shoeshine" and "Open City," but in some important respects it is even more remarkable. It is the story of what war meant to an infinitesimal Italian hill town and especially to a peasant family which, on pain of death, sheltered two American fugitives. I think that in spirit and basic understanding it is the wisest and most deeply humane movie of its time.

Its central characters are wholly unpolitical men, whose chief concern with history is to try to scrape it off their shoes. It is suggested that this is the ordinary condition of ordinary men, against which political men, good or bad, must take their measure; and that at best this measure is relatively puny. These central characters are what is known as simple men, a dangerous kind for contemporary artists to fool with; I have never before seen simple men presented with so much kindliness, immediacy, understanding, and freedom from calculation and self-deceit. They are presented so richly in their weakness as well as their excellence that it is unimaginable that it occurred to anyone who worked on the film that they were doing a "balanced" job. The work is obviously done in that fundamental innocence which comes from a genuine love for and realism about human beings; which is the natural air that any

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half-sane artist, or man, has to breathe; and which is breathed in most parts of the world, by now, about as freely as in the Black Hole of Calcutta. To choose only one of many examples, a Negro soldier, hidden in a wine-cellar while a German soldier visits the terrified peasants, gets stinking drunk and very noisy. This results in the death of the hero of the picture, and of the German. Archer Winsten of the *Post*, whose reviews, regardless of certain areas of disagreement, I warmly like and recommend, thought this action psychologically questionable. He wrote that it was impossibly inconsiderate and ungrateful of a soldier in that predicament. No doubt it was. But there is no evidence that the Negro, the peasants, or even the people who made the film ever looked at it in that light. To all of them it was, unfortunately, the most natural thing in the world; and one of the glories of the picture is the complete simplicity with which the whole thing is done and and passed over, without any psychological or moral elaboration. As a native of this country, with more than enough experience both of the South and of non-Southerners who think they mean well by Negroes, I am like many other Americans particularly impressed by the whole treatment of the Negro; it is the only pure presentation of a man of his race that I have seen in a movie. As a human being, who would rather be a citizen of the world than of the United States, I am as deeply impressed by the treatment of the German; as for the peasant father, he is beyond "treatment," a great character and symbol.

This same fundamental innocence, coupled with a broad, almost operatic (and sometimes hammy) theatrical vitality, boldly clashes extremely discordant attitudes and styles, anything from desperate seriousness and majestic satire through passionately improvised slapstick. During the long climax these clashings blend in such a way that the picture, faults and all, soars along one of the rarest heights possible to art—the height from which it is seen that the whole race, including the observer, is to be pitied, laughed at, feared for, and revered for its delusions of personal competence for good, evil, or mere survival, as it sleepwalks along ground which continuously opens bottomless chasms beneath the edges of its feet. This seems to me one of the truest conceivable perspectives on the human predicament.

The man in the film who evidently understands it best, and who evidently realizes also the prodigious animal power to endure, and the unlimited fertility of the heart and spirit through which man is indestructible and victorious even in his downfall through this insanity, even in his absurdity, is Aldo Fabrizi, who plays the peasant, and who collaborated on the script. I infer that he understands it neither intellectually nor aesthetically, but so thoroughly that it does not even strike him as particularly interesting. This is the most mature way of understanding it that I can conceive of; and this healthy, casual, and unvalued wisdom so generally illuminates and invigorates the film that many of its inadequacies are transfigured and many others are made to seem negligible. I don't agree with those who talk of Fabrizi as a great actor. As an actor he seems thoroughly experienced, astute, uninhibited, and no more. His grandeur is as a man. His good luck is his solid equipment as an artist and his magnificent equipment, in face, and lowering head, and burly body, to make visible certain kinds of greatness. The performance is merely a very good one. The embodiment is heroic: one of the few towering archetypes I have seen on the screen. I wish that this tremendous character, so close to "type" yet so far beyond it, had been given material through which it could have been much more thoroughly explored and exhausted. But one of the wonderful things about the film is the casualness with which this figure is examined and tossed away, as if the sea were stiff with fish as good and better. It is. But how many fishermen, where else in the world, know it? And of those who know it, how many are competent to haul them in?

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An Essay by Pedro Salinas

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

MUSICRAFT sent me a copy of its recording of Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony (Set 83; $8.85), but didn't send with it anything to get myself drunk on; and it took several weeks to nerve myself to listen, cold sober, to a little of a few sides—enough to report that Steinberg's performance with the Buffalo Philharmonic is well reproduced by quiet-surfaced records. As for the merits of the performance, I don't think I could tell whether a performance of this work was effective or not, and I can't see that it matters; certainly I can't imagine it making a difference to the person who likes the work.

From RCA Victor there is a new recording of Haydn's Symphony No. 94 ("Surprise") (Set 1155; $4) which demonstrates again Koussevitzky's helplessness with this kind of music—his complete innocence of any subtlety of phraseological inflection or accentuation, resulting in a first movement with unvarying accent on the one and the four of each six-eighth measure. The beautiful sound of the Boston Symphony is well reproduced; the surfaces of my copy are poor.

And from Columbia there is still another recording of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony—this one made by Bruno Walter with the Philadelphia Orchestra (Set 699; $4.60). The performance brings to mind the remark once attributed to Toscanini—and true even if he didn't make it: "When Walter comes to something beautiful he melts. I suffer!" I am aware of the beauties in this work that are responsible for the melting softness of Walter's performance; but I am aware also of what calls for the steadiness, control, and strength that the performance lacks. Its recorded sound on a wide-range machine is spacious and rich, the best Columbia has achieved with this orchestra; on the limited-range Zenith it is muffled. (Concerning the recent Columbia recording of Schubert's Symphony No. 9 the printer had me saying, in the November 22 issue, that the work was "not at all well played" by Walter; but what I wrote was that it was "not all well

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played"—meaning that part was well done and part not.)

RCA Victor also has issued a set (1143; $5) with some of Ravel's elaborately contrived trivialities: the "Valses Nobles et sentimentales," which anticipate "La Valse," and the rarely heard Suite No. 1 from "Daphnis et Chloé," played by Monteux with the San Francisco Symphony. The performances seem good and are richly reproduced; but the English Decca set of the two "Daphnis" suites offers even finer orchestral playing and recording, such as is offered by the set (ED-33; $5) of Ravel's "Bolero," played much more slowly than we are accustomed to by Muench with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra.

From English Decca there is also a set (ED-34; $5) of the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," excellently performed by the London Philharmonic under Fitelberg, and richly recorded. And on single discs a little Symphony in E flat by the eighteenth-century composer Anton Filitz—with a charming middle movement and a mildly engaging finale—well played by the Boyd Neel Orchestra (K-1680; $2); and Mendelssohn's fine "Ruy Blas" Overture, excellently played by the National Symphony under Unger, and beautifully recorded (K-1326; $2).

The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe began its season at New York's City Center in September in its usual state of exhaustion—caused this time by rehearsal too intensive for the stamina of the company but insufficient for the new members to learn all their parts, so that the opening performance of "Ballet Imperial" was a chaos in which one could occasionally discern the sharp clarity and brilliance of Moylan's dancing. And as usual the performances improved in the course of the season as the company became more secure and recovered its strength. Danilova too was obviously too tired for the demands of "Le Beau Danube" the opening night, and was still tired in "Swan Lake" two nights later, but was miraculously refreshed for a great performance in "'Le Baiser de la fée" the following night (the *corps de ballet,* however, had not mastered the rhythmic intricacies of the village scene) and in top form thereafter.

The new pieces were not of great consequence: a revised and expanded version of Antonia Cobos's "Madronos," with an extremely funny opening scene, and for the rest a series of enjoyable Spanish-style dances such as Argentinita used to put on; Ruthanna Boris's "Cirque de deux," with a few amusing jokes expanded to excessive length—the sort of kidding of ballet that John Martin can understand and enjoy; and Edward Caton's "Lola Montez," still another piece of mining-town Americana, with two superb dances by Danilova—one essentially her last bravura slow dance in "Raymonda," the other her brilliantly gay Spanish dance in the second act of "Coppelia."

The Monte Carlo might offer some poor works, but it also offered some great ones; its performances of these works might be imperfect, but even with their imperfections they were the real thing, and often were raised to greatness by the work of dancers like Danilova and Franklin who gave everything they had and—in the case of Danilova—even more. After all this it was shocking to attend the Markova-Dolin programs with their new pieces —Hightower's "Henry VIII," Dolin's new "Camille"—devised to exhibit the twitterings to which Markova has reduced her dancing—to say nothing of what they devised for Dolin to do.

BOOKS OF 1947: A SELECTED LIST

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[This is the second section of a selected list of Books of 1947. The first section appeared last week.]

Letters on the Catholic Series

[We devote these columns this week to extracts from a few of the letters received in regard to Paul Blanshard's three articles, The Roman Catholic Church in Medicine, The Sexual Code of the Roman Catholic Church, and The Roman Catholic Church and the Schools. The articles appeared in the issues of November 1, 8, and 15.

The selection below attempts to be as representative as possible. Some 300 letters were received, attacking or praising Mr. Blanshard's articles. In addition, several hundred copies of a column entitled Let Him Speak Now, which appeared in a Los Angeles Catholic newspaper, the *Tidings,* were clipped and mailed in to *The Nation.* Part of this column appears at the end of the readers' letters. Two national Catholic publications, *America* and *Commonweal,* have attacked the series.

Mr. Blanshard has written an answer to *America* challenging any of its editors to a public debate in New York. This letter, with a comment by *The Nation,* will appear soon in these pages.

Reprints of the Catholic series will be available in about two weeks (see page 649 of this issue).—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Strong Protests

Dear Sirs: I have no intention of ever reading your magazine again.

THOMAS UNGS
Iowa City, November 18

Dear Sirs: Besides betraying gross ignorance and outright lying, they [Blanshard's articles] denote the fall of your magazine to the gutter level of bigoted trash. P. M. MILES
Los Angeles, November 15

Dear Sirs: Thank you so much for your series of articles warning us Catholics of the dangers of our scheming hierarchy. But I, for one, have been well aware of the church's policies in medicine, sex, and education for many years —that's why I'm a Catholic.

The next time you attack the church we Catholics would appreciate it if you would do the following: (1) Label the article for what it is. Don't parade a diatribe under the banner of a crusade to enlighten Catholics—most Catholics know more about their faith than Mr. Blanshard or fellow-bigots will probably ever know. (2) Attack the church as a body. Don't separate the hierarchy from the laity, for the clergy without the faithful isn't the church, or even a power. R. J. HAMPTON
South Pasadena, Cal., November 15

Dear Sirs: As assistant editor of our union's publication, with a mailing list of over 10,000 in the state of California, I shall do all in my power to use its pages to inform our readers of your religious bias and discrimination.

F. J. DONELLY,
Transportation Union—Division 1277
Los Angeles, November 18

Objective? Fair?

Dear Sirs: The attitude of the writer is not objective and fair. The entire tone is one of animosity.

BROTHER EDWARD P. SHEEKEY
Philadelphia, November 17

Dear Sirs: In my estimation Paul Blanshard's recent articles on the Roman Catholic church are some of the most objective writing on that topic I have ever seen. GLENN T. TREWARTHA
Madison, Wis., November 25

Dear Sirs: The articles by Paul Blanshard are the most amazing collection of half-truths and faulty reasoning I have ever seen. No more *Nations* for me, unless it returns to its old standard.

KATHRYN ELKINS
Hollywood, Cal., November 19

Dear Sirs: Mr. Blanshard writes about an important threat to democracy. He treats the subject with minimum malice and hatred, in a fair and well-documented way. BERNICE ENGLE
Omaha, Neb., November 19

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"A Direct Warning"

Dear Sirs: Mr. Blanshard's articles come as a strong breath of fresh air; but also as a direct warning to every American, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. We are so preoccupied with the "reds" that we have failed to realize the presence of a far more dangerous, subtle, and effective menace right here—the curse which wrecked and enslaved Spain, which helped precipitate World War II, and is doing its utmost to bring war again.

The shouts of "bigot" and "K. K. K." uttered by powerful clerics and their naive non-Roman fellow-travelers have silenced almost all intelligent and candid criticism. But the Catholic church is becoming increasingly aggressive in its attempts to dominate American life. Here in Boston medieval bigotry and superstition have stifled freedom of expression, ruined the school system, and atrophied the public conscience.

CHARLES H. WHITTIER

Somerville, Mass., October 31

What God Wants

Dear Sirs: Mr. Blanshard will probably be surprised to learn that the Catholic church does not promulgate her doctrine with an eye to what an American, German, Russian, Chinese, or Italian jury —even though its members be Catholic —might think. In fact, I suspect that she takes some interest, instead, in what God wants. FRANK J. RIVERA

Los Angeles, Cal., November 10

Dear Sirs: No one of any faith whatsoever can approve of, or allow the occurrence of, or aid in an action which he actually believes to be wrong, and not be guilty of sin, though the sin be nothing graver than the violation of his own conscience. A belief may be right or wrong, but if it is right, it is right for everyone. If it is wrong, it is wrong for everyone. ROSE H. PARET

New York, November 3

Dear Sirs: It is folly to write a series of articles on Catholic social practices in regard to medicine, marriage, and science, and yet protest that the articles do not concern themselves with the religion. KENNETH BUSSY

Washington, November 6

The Articles Are Naive

Dear Sirs: I take issue with the philosophy underlying Mr. Blanshard's reasoning. The general tenor of the articles is similar to all anti-Catholic writing of the day. The feeling that the church is in a servile and dogmatic slumber permeates the essays. But the church, in my opinion, is as aware of current social and scientific developments as any "force" existing today. It is for this reason that I deplore the dismissal of an important papal edict by attributing it to an "unfortunate mistake of an old man who had never been married and had never studied medicine."

By viewing the over-all functioning of the church it becomes evident that its guiding principles are simple. In order to wield sociological control, the church must maintain the integrity of its internal organization and at the same time nourish its arms of mental and physical regulation. Permit me to analyze a few of Mr. Blanshard's theses: (1) Is a married priesthood conceivable? My answer is that it's utterly ridiculous. (2) Did Pius XI know what he was doing when he outlawed birth control in 1930? Emphatically, yes! The use of contraception would loosen the ossified structure of Catholic society. (3) Why does Fulton Sheen oppose psychoanalysis? Psychoanalysis dethrones sin, and one of the major agencies employed by the church to effect mental control is the notion of "sin."

I enjoyed Mr. Blanshard's articles immensely, but I decry any attempt to pass off Catholic behavior in the name of ignorance. DAVID E. REID, JR.

White Plains, N. Y., November 10

The Articles Are Sinister

Dear Sirs: The harm is done and the blood pool of falsehood is spreading. Take care lest it engulf us all.

JOHN P. HALE

New York, November 19

Or Ill-Considered

Dear Sirs: What do the articles accomplish? They do not take members away from the church. They do not make Catholics more critical. They create more antagonism. . . . How does the obscurantism of the church on matters of sex and education differ from certain Protestant sects or from orthodox Jewry? Will not the articles cause the ignorant readers to become just plain anti-Catholic, which is as bad as being plain anti-Protestant or anti-Semitic? I believe the articles were ill-considered and their publication a bad case of editorial misjudgment. MARTIN WOLFSON

Brooklyn, November 14

Dear Sirs: The last issue of *The Nation* that came to me I had to burn up because of the articles on sex, which I think belong only in a medical magazine. KATE C. GARTZ

Altadena, Cal., November 14

Dear Sirs: I read Blanshard's articles, and though not opposed to the criticism, per se, couldn't help wondering if it was needed. This is no day to fear asceticism in sex morality. Anybody with an honest heart knows that the gravest danger in the United States is just the opposite, namely, sex license to an appalling and abhorrent degree. The Puritans indeed were wrong about their prurient attitudes, but when I take a look at the kind of sex morals on display today I would say give us back the Puritans, despite their errors.

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

Portland, Ore., November 15

Or Terrific

Dear Sirs: At long last I have found a publication which is not afraid of the Roman Catholic church and will give with the facts. They are terrific articles. I served in the Army Air Forces for almost two and a half years, part of the time as a chaplain's assistant. I learned, through experience, what the priesthood is, and what the score is.

LESTER F. GROSS, JR.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., November 11

Dear Sirs: You have rendered an invaluable service to our country. May God bless and reward you for the good you have performed.

A. DI DOMENICA, D.D.

Philadelphia, November 15

Dear Sirs: You are greatly to be thanked for Paul Blanshard's articles, as he, of course, also is for writing them. . . . It would be lamentable if the Roman church got the upper hand in this country. Witness the conditions in Roman Catholic nations. SYDNEY T. COOKE

New York, November 14

Dear Sirs: I have been a reader of *The Nation* for many years. In all that time I have not seen a series of articles more timely and to the point than those of Paul Blanshard. In view of what is going on now in Philadelphia, where an official of the Roman Catholic church "demands" that a certain movie be withdrawn from public showing, the importance of Mr. Blanshard's warnings cannot be overemphasized.

RAYMOND C. GERBER

Williamsville, N. Y., November 13

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A Point Overlooked

Dear Sirs: The articles are excellent. But on birth control Mr. Blanshard overlooked one important point which is revealed by a careful reading of the English translation of the Pope's encyclical "Casti conubii," namely, that there is no condemnation here of birth control in the important case where the two parties are not married to each other. If he rereads it, he will see that wherever birth control is condemned, the phrase "in matrimony," or its equivalent, is conjoined. The reason for this limitation of the condemnation is clear, and a credit to pontifical sense: it is that if two people are proceeding anyway to the sin of fornication or adultery, it is better that they add the smaller sin of contraception than the greater sin of risking creation of a bastard child.

S. COLUM GILFILLAN

Chicago, November 14

A Special Problem

Dear Sirs: Blanshard's articles were very enlightening and educational. I think that more information of this type should be made available to both Protestants and Catholics. As one who is married to a very nice, but Catholic, girl, I am unusually aware of the uncompromising—and yet what I feel is the ignorant—attitude of the church.

A READER

Asbury Park, N. J., November 24

"Let Him Speak Now"

BY FRANK SULLIVAN

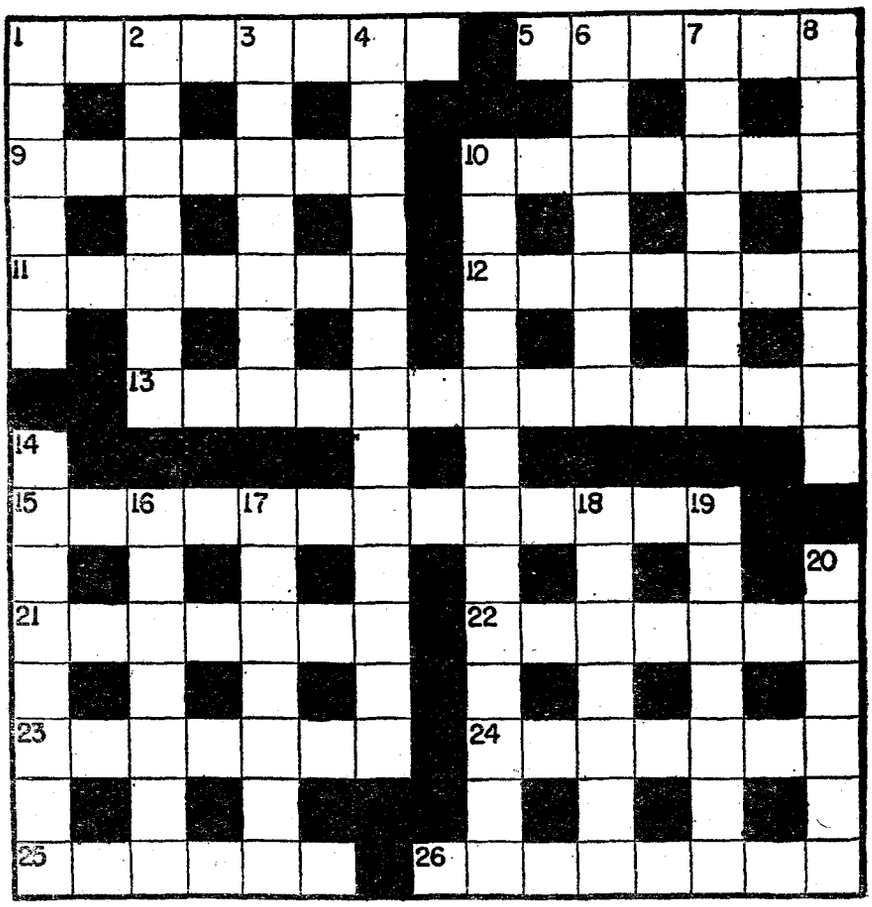
(From the Tidings, *Los Angeles, November 14)*

AN OLD friend of mine died two weeks ago (speak softly and sad), a friend that I had defended, made excuses for, praised, and took pride in—a friend the memory of whose bygone courage and departed honesty I shall sincerely mourn.

On the first of November *The Nation*, a magazine that once fought for truth as I understood it, and justice as it was known, a magazine that was once exciting, and decent, and good . . . died. And in its place, using its name, appeared a shifty, loose-lipped journal, pandering to hatred and selling viciousness wrapped in cheap papers to the trembling addicts of ignorance. On the first of November *The Nation* began a series of three articles on The Roman Catholic Church in Medicine.

Crossword Puzzle No. 241

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Where the unwary find stinging rays. (8)
5 In Lucia, it has a kind of appeal at first. (6)
9 Three-quarters will never make it. (7)
10 Living made by mixing gold and gin. (7)
11 Bloodshot celery? (7)
12 Never counts in quarter time. (4, 3)
13 Was Shakespeare taxed with this? (6, 7)
15 Does he count his gold? (7, 6)
21 Get me back to position. (7)
22 Revised, revised. (7)
23 Buses have such a capacity. (7)
24 $(CH_3)_2CO$. (7)
25 How to open a seed? (6)
26 He had a literary come-down. (8)

DOWN

1 Gathers eggs. (6)
2 Three make a game without fanfare. (7)
3 Tearing into pieces. (7)
4 This takes at least five minutes. (10, 3)
6 Do mice have a sort of end? No, quite the contrary. (7)
7 Tipped by a Colonial. (7)
8 It's easy to get her spaces removed. (8)
10 Orthodox in Lilliput. (13)
14 Crimes concerning boundaries? (8)
16 The little Congressman dines again. (7)
17 Element of a successful bombardment. (7)
18 It's all gray, to a great extent. (7)
19 An old fiddle in an unusual sort of air. (7)
20 Is this kind of parent never foremost? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 240

ACROSS:—1 ABSOLUTE PITCH; 10 ELICITS; 11 EFFENDI; 12 AVARICE; 13 PENNANT; 14 INNINGS; 15 SPARTAN; 16 EQUABLE; 20 THIN MAN; 23 INTENSE; 24 MISSTEP; 25 CHICAGO; 26 ACETOUS; 27 A GRAVE MISTAKE.

DOWN:—2 BRITAIN; 3 OPINION; 4 ULSTERS; 5 EXEMPTS; 6 INFANTA; 7 CONTACT; 8 RELATIVE PITCH; 9 LISTENING POST; 17 UNTYING; 18 BANDANA; 19 EYESORE; 20 TYMPANI; 21 INSPECT; 22 MATTOCK.

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These articles are written by Paul Blanshard—a man with no understanding of either medicine or theology, but a man skilful in the manipulation of half-truths, of innuendo, and the monsters of specious reasoning. He is a man of great talent (as were Hitler and Mussolini), and I confidently expect him to take his place beside such experts at his trade as Gerald L. K. Smith, Joseph McWilliams, and the late Theodore Bilbo. *The Nation* hired him to do a job, and *The Nation* should be proud of him. *The Nation* I grew up with would not have been . . . but then, of course, it's dead.

Dead are the principles of tolerance. Some people start to hate enemies, find it healthful (good for the circulation), and so extend it against their friends. I'm sure that *The Nation's* circulation is good now that it has tied in with the anti-Semites, and the lynch-law bullies. The three of them may point in different directions, but they're all hollering the same thing: "Hate him; he's different. Come all you who are emotionally insecure. Come all you who are intellectually malformed. Here is a lie; suck it till your hate is satisfied. Hate the Jews. Hate the Negroes. Hate the Catholics."

I do not propose to answer Mr. Blanshard in detail. His grasp of theology is comparable to the kind of foundation acquired in science by reading Buck Rogers. I haven't time to argue mathematics with a child who insists that the area of a circle is equal to a square piece of pie just because he has heard the formula expressed as *pi-r-square*. Nor do I have time to waste in a point-by-point refutation of Mr. Blanshard, who illustrates his learning by saying Catholics consider "the head of the fetus as the probable seat of the soul."

Catholics not only don't say any such thing, but they have condemned those who did—for example, Descartes. . . .

The main point attacked by Mr. Blanshard is the church's insistence that if at birth it is impossible to save the mother without directly killing the child, then the mother must die.

Suppose, Mr. Blanshard, your wife is out in a boat with a despicable character—with me, for example. Suppose the boat will sink and drown us both unless one of us gets out. Suppose you shoot me. What does the law say about that? It says you'll hang if you do. Blanshard, you know that you can't kill a no-good lug like me, but I don't hear a peep out of you. But you're writing articles protesting because you can't kill your own son. What a character!

Actually what are the facts of the case? How often does Mr. Blanshard's terrorizing necessity arise? I have checked three Catholic hospitals and discovered that in the last ten years cases such as *The Nation* uses to upset its readers have occurred exactly *zero point cipher oh times nothing*.

And why? One reason is that the church's insistence on the dignity and sacredness of human life has forced advances in obstetrical science that would never have occurred if people like Mr. Blanshard had been able to confuse the delivery-room with the butcher shop. Because the church has defended decency, humanity, and justice, *The Nation* has attacked it. The attack didn't hurt the church. But it killed *The Nation* that I once knew . . . speak softly and sad.

(Editor's Note—Tidings *readers are asked to clip Mr. Sullivan's column and mail it as a protest to the Editor of* The Nation, *Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.)*

Next Week in The Nation

PALESTINE AT THE UNITED NATIONS

The Inside Story

•

Because the Nation Associates was active throughout the fight for a decent solution of the Palestine issue in the United Nations, we were able to watch at close range the complicated maneuvers that went on behind the scenes. The story—as much as can be revealed—will be told in our next issue by Lillie Shultz, who represented *The Nation* and the Nation Associates throughout the session of the Assembly.

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